MRICCHAKATIKÂ

(मृच्छकटिका.)

OR

THE TOY-CART OF KING SÛDRAKA

A STUDY

BY

DR NISHIKANTA CHATTOPÂDYÂYA, PH D

Late Principal of the Hyderabad College,
and now Professor of History and
Political Economy in the
Maharajah's College,
Mysore.

आलाने गृह्यते हस्ती वाजीवल्गासुगृह्यते ।
हृदये गृह्यते नारी यदीदं नास्ति गम्यताम् ॥
(प्रथमोऽङ्कः)

" An elephant may be held by a chain,
A steed be curbed by his rider's art,
But even go hang if you cannot gain
The only bond a woman obeys—her own heart.,

ACT, I.



Price, One rupee.

मूल्यं एकरौप्यम्.

MYSORE

THE GRADUATES' TRADING ASSOCIATION PRESS

1902

INTRODUCTION

There are at least three stages in the evolution of the dramatic art In the first stage which is represented by the mysteries and the miracle-plays of Europe, and by the *Yâtrâs* and the *Rasalîlas* of India, dance, music and mimic form an essential and dialogue only a subordinate part In the second stage which reached its perfection in the plays of Eschylos, Sophocles and Euripides or in those of their Latin imitators, dialogue, in addition to the other, three elements is undoubtedly far more developed, but it is mainly confined to two or three interlocutors at a time, while the major portion of the dramatic action is carried on by the chorus which not only sings and moralises, but also apostrophises and adjudicates In the third or the mature stage, whose most perfect specimens are to be found in the dramas of the ancient Hindus and in those of the modern English and the Germans, dialogue as well as the other elements mentioned above perform their normal and natural functions on the stage exactly in the same manner as they actually do in human life and society Since the ideal perfection of the dramatic art consists in being able to represent life and nature as they really are or "to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to Nature" as it has been so clearly expressed by the greatest dramatist of the world. It is really very strange, but nevertheless perfectly true, that across a distance of at least ten, if not, fifteen centuries, the dramas

of *Sûdraka*, *Kalidasa* and *Bhavabhûti* are in every respect far more similar to those of Shakespeare, Gœthe and Schiller than to those of the Greeks and the Romans to whose direct or indirect influences in stimulating the growth of the Hidu drama so much has been written and spoken of in recent years Professor Leopold von Schrœder points out these similarities in the following terms —"On the other hand, there is a good deal more affinity between the Indian drama and Shakespeare Not only in the external form, but also in the inward spirit, tone and substance, there are in this respect really remarkable analogies between them both In the Indian drama as well as in Shakespeare, everything is painted with all the variegated details of individual characterisation, whereas in the Græco—Roman drama the figures are far more typical With the waywardness of the Romantic drama, Shakespeare as well as the Hindu poets violate all the unities of time and space A varied and constant change of scene leads us from here to there, and, if, as in the 'Winter's Tale' a mere child in the first act appears as a young maiden in the last, so in the *Uttararâmacharitam*, as already mentioned, there is an interval of at least 12 years between two acts The varied changes in metrical strophes and in prosaic discourses, we find them equally in Shakespeare and in the Hindu poets The species of elevated humour, of play on words, comical interchanges of all sorts are sometimes so alike, that the one might be easily taken for the other. Moreover, the mixture of the serious and of the comical in the very same play, the unusual variety and liveliness of dramatic movement, the crowd of peculiarities and of details in tone and language, in the origin and growth of the story offer a good many more similarities, ~~and we find~~

in Shakesspeare's romantic dramas the legendary and the supernatural element also richly represented, which plays such a considerable *role* in the Hindu dramas "

In speaking of the *Mrichakatika*, the same learned Professor delivers himself in the following manner —"This drama whose characteristics I desire to unfold to you to-day is so very different from those that I have already described—so remarkable, so full of dramatic life, vigour and freshness, so full of transcendent wit and humour, that it is impossible for us to admire sufficiently the many-sidedness of the Hindu mind which, in addition to the soft poetical creations of *Kalidasa* could produce such a unique masterpiece If the genius of *Kalidasa* shows a certain affinity to that of Gœthe, the total spirit, character and diction of this play on the other hand remind us in a most striking manner, of Shakespeare " †

Again —"In this manner this play (*Mrichakatika*) of which I have just given you a very inadequate sketch, contains besides sundry comical points also a good many deep and serious elements and must be regarded as a masterpiece of the dramatic art If *Kalidása* stands high in the depth, the tenderness and the excellence of his poetry, so must the *Mricchikatika* be regarded as the greatest product of the Hindus in all those attributes which, properly speaking, constitute the true dramatic art and produce the best scenic effects, that is to say, in the life, the vigour and the animation of the dramatic action, the sharpness of

* Indiens Literatur u Cultur " pp 602 3

† Ditto pp 629

characterisation and so on"[1] The above quotations from Prof Schrœder's famous book on "Indiens Literatur u Cultur" do not by any means, overstate the case in point These points of analogy and contact between the dramas of the ancient Hindus and those of the modern English and German dramatists are indeed, so palpable and remarkable, that were we not absolutely certain, that Shakespeare lived and wrote at the end of the 16th century in the full bloom of the Elizabethan age and Gœthe and Schiller at the end of the 18th in the midst of the Napoleonic era, I should not have been in the least surprised to find some young and enterprising Sanskritist of a German University starting the hypothesis and actually writing his Doctor's thesis to prove, that the so-called ancient dramas of the Hindus are quite modern and must have been written by some modern Hindus who had deeply studied "Hamlet" "Faust" and "Wallenstein" and other dramas of the same kind, and who had then, with characteristic inaccurary put them back to far more ancient dates and even attributed them to such mythical personages as *Sudraka*, *Kalidàsa* and *Bhavabhuti* The utter vagueness and the hopeless confusion of the entire Hindu chronology would have lent great plausibility to his thesis which would have served, at all events, as a working hypothesis for years to come to the orientalists of Europe Fortunately for ourselves, even in the dim twilight of what scanty knowledge we already possess about the past history and chronology of the Hindus, such a thesis or hypothesis or rather antithesis would be wholly untenable. To those who are even partially conversant with the best researches of our Oriental scholars,—Indian as well as

[1] Schrœder's "Indiens Literatur u Cultur" pp 643.

European, there is hardly any reason to doubt, that *Súdraka*—the reputed author of the *Mricchakatikà*, must have lived some fifteen centuries before Shakespeare, as Kálidâsa must have lived at least twelve centuries before Gœthe, and Schiller at least ten centuries before *Bhavabhuti* When our great Hindu poets were creating their immortal dramas, and our great Hindu sculptors were carving their imperishable memorials of stone, the ancestors of Shakespeare, and of Gœthe and of Schiller were still wandering about in untanned skins and chiefly occupied in scalping one another's heads! How then could the foregoers of the present English and the Germans of those days have helped us? Their present descendants can help us a good deal now, if we only know how to avail ourselves of their help. Our Hindu dramas are, therefore, entirely our own indigenous productions, and there is no other heirloom of the past of which we have such excellent reasons to be so immensely proud Our philosophers may be too subtle and unpractical, our theosophies too mystical and pessimistic, our epics too legendary, our Puranas too mythological and our later poems called Kâvyas far too elaborate and artificial, but our ancient dramas are the highest and the best that we have ever produced and which may be favourably matched with the highest and the best of their kind of any age or of clime And of these perfect creatons, the *Mricchakatikà* is undoubtedly the most perfect *Primus inter pares.* Hear how J S Klein speaks of the author of the *Mricchakatika* —

"As a Prince and a Poet, *Sûdraka* belongs to the highest manifestations of the Hindu mind. Of all the rulers of the kingdom of *Vidisà* whose capital was Ujjayini, King Sûdraka is still held in grateful recollection. His political deeds may have been forgotten, or like those of so many

other Hindu Kings may have been inextricably mixed up with those of others. But his drama, the *Mricchakatikā* has perpetuated his name for all time The clay "Toy-Cart" of *Sudraka* is his *monumentum ære perennius* His clay monument will survive those of bronze, a brittle child's toy will be his imperishable deed Thrones and empires go to pieces like all earthly things, but King Súdrakâ's clay-cart will always be there firm as rock. Yes, firmer still than that *roche de bronze* which a stupid king once presumed to build as a symbol of his power and as a guarantee of his fame." *

II On the *Mricchakatika*.

The following two lectures were primarily delivered before the Hindu Social Club of Hyderabad, Deccan. In 1896, I happened to be in Bombay for nearly 6 months. At the request of my late lamented friend the Honorable Javerilal Umiashankar Yâjnik who was then the Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, I had to deliver it over again before a small though select audience composed chiefly of the members of the Society. The late lamented Dr Peterson of the Bombay University had the kindness to preside on the occasion An elaborate account of the proceedings including a *resumé* of the lecture was published in the "Times of India" dated the 18th of August, 1896 It is reprinted (*minus the resumé*) at the end of this book Various other notices and reviews have appeared in the meantime of which only a few more are reproduced here It is necessary to add, that these two

---

* J S Klein ' Geschichte des Dramas" pp 85

lectures on the *Mricchakatikà* were printed once before by the Education Society's Press, Bombay. But the printing was so clumsy and inaccurate and the Sanskrit texts were so badly struck off in Roman character (which in itself is my pet aversion) that it is nothing but fair to myself and just to my readers, that I should have them republished in a more legible type and convenient form. Besides my present environment also has probably had something to do with this republication. I now happen to be in the service of the foremost and the most ancient Hindu Raj in India, noted for its liberal patronage of learning in general and of Sanskrit learning in particular. I have now been in Mysore—its chief town,—for nearly five months. I am surrounded on all sides by old Hindu associations. I can hardly go for a drive or a stroll into the city without running the risk, at every nook and corner, of treading on the tender toes of old-fashioned Pandits and Shastrís in their old traditional garb and look, and without being strongly reminded of their ancient duplicates as delineated by Mgasthenes, Hioungthsang and Albiruni. Before me as I write these lines in the verandah of my humble cottage, there rises the beautiful Chamundâ Hill, clothed at this moment in a white gown of soft fleece, with its thousand steps of granite and with its famous temple said to be three hundred years old, dedicated to the *Mahishàsuramardinî*, the patron goddess of the Royal Family of Mysore. Between the huge boulders of its sloping base and the perpendicular walls of the old city fort, there now laughs and sports, like a young maiden of seventeen, the old Doddakere tank once more, the tank which should henceforth be known as the *Vàṇivilàsa Sarovaram*, seeing that it has been quite recently resuscitated and rejuvinated, as it were, by the magic word of H. H. the Mahàrâṇî-Regent

of Mysore ! Amidst such surroundings and associations, how can I who have always a strong tendency "to become a part of what surrounds me" help reverting to my dear old love, the Sanskrit Literature? I am afraid, I have not, during the long interval that has elapsed since I began the *Kàtantra Sûtram*, been always quite loyal to this old love of mine In fact, I must candidly confess, I have, like another Ulysses during my ten year' wanderings in foreign lands, been often enticed away and sometimes entirely monopolised by many a strange Calypsoe of syren voice and bewitching looks But now that I have come back home after so many years, and find myself once more, more or less, in the cherished environment of my boyhood, I am naturally glad to return to the arms of my dear old Penelope, tho ancient but elegant Sanskrit literature

Yonder Chamundâ Hill before me looks steep and may be difficult of ascent, but I should not mind its thousand stairs and more in the least, provided I was quite sure of meeting over there either *Vasantasêna* or *Málatî* And if when I arrived in the temple of the dread goddess, I should happen to find *Màlati* in the same predicament as *Madhava* once did, I should not hesitate in the least to shoot down *Kapálakundala* and *Aghoraghanta* both at once, even though the one was a woman and the other a priest My remuneration would be more than enough ! Wouldn't it be? But I am just now far less concerned with *Malatí* and *Madhava* of *Bhavabhûti* than with the *Vasantasena* and *Chärudatta* of *Sudraka* to whose trials and adventures, I beg, therefore, to invite the sympathy and admiration of my indulgent readers I can promise them not only amusement, but also deep instruction in virtue and wisdom.

काव्यशास्त्रविनोदेन कालो गच्छति धीमताम् ।
व्यसनेन च मूर्खाणां निद्रया कलहेनवा ॥

दशहरा, शक १८२४
(Daśaharâ, 1901)
महीशूर (Mysore)

Nishikânta Chattopâdhyâya



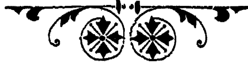
P S—I must not forget to mention my obligations to Pandit S G Narasimhachar, the Librarian of the Mysore Oriental Library, for having kindly corrected the proofs, particularly of the Sanskrit texts and quotations embodied in this book

Elwal Road,
Mysore

Nishikanta Chattopâdhyâya.

MRICCHAKATIKÂ
OR
THE TOY-CART

(Its place in the dramatic literature of India, and its chief characters)



The Indian drama, like every other drama in the world, had its origin in cult or worship Hymns with mimic, music, and dances were chanted round the sacrificial altars in the earliest Vedic times (Rig-veda 1, 10, 92, 94, &c). Even heroic songs are to be found occasionally in the Vedas under the different names of *Itiha* (इतिह), *Itihása* (इतिहास) , *Gâthâ* (गाथा), *Akhyayana* (आख्यायन), &c Dialogue, an essential property of drama, is also not wanting. The well-known dialogue between *Yami* (यम), and *Yamî* (यमी), the first created man and woman, in the Rig-veda (x, 10) is an instance on the point Coming down to the *Bráhmanas*, (ब्राह्मणाः), we find dialogues more frequent, as for instance (to take one out of many), the profound philosophical conversation between *Yàjnavalkya* (याज्ञवल्क्य), and his beloved wife *Maitreyî* (मैत्रेयी), on the Immortality of the Soul. In the *Vedantas* (वेदान्ताः), the dialogues are more frequent still, particularly in the *Chhândogyopanishad* (छांदोग्योपानिषद्),

where conversations between renowned sages and their pupils occur quite frequently on the ever-recurring theme *The Unity of Being* (तत्त्वमसि-त्वमेव तत्!). I shall adduce only one single illustration Sanatkumâra (सनत्कुमार), and the young, ardent and truth-seeking *Svetaketu* (श्वेतकेतु). In the two great epics the Mahâbhârata (महाभारत) and the Râmayâña(रामायण), dialogues are at least as common as in Homer's Illiad and Odessy or in the Lied der Niebelungen To take only one instance from each the famous dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna in the *Bhishmaparvam* (भीष्मपर्व), which is known as the *Bhagavadgîta* (भगवद्गीता), and that between the true-hearted, devoted *Ramachandra* (रामचन्द्र), and the sceptical, materialistc Jâvâli (जावाली), in the *Balakandam* (बालकाण्डम्). Thus in the earlier phases of Sanskrit Literature, we find already fore-shadowed all the chief elements which constitute drama song, mimic, music, dance and dialogue That dance played quite an important part is evident from the simple but significant fact that in Sanskrit, the words which signify drama *Natakam* (नाटकम्), and an actor *Nata* (नट) are both derived from root *Nat* (नट्), to dance The word *Nata* (नटः), has still kept its original and more primitive meaning which is a dancer *Nátyam* (नाट्यम्), from the same root means the dramatic art. It now needed only some new force or forces to combine all these various elements and to produce out of them that

species of literature which we call *Drama* The lyrical and the feminine element was found in the Vedic hymns, while the masculine element was found in the epical dialogues of the two heroic poems They had to be joined and coupled by other factors before drama, their child could come into being The first of these factors seems to me to have been the great reformation inaugurated by *Buddha Śâkyamuni* (बुद्ध शाक्यमुनि), and the second the expedition of Alexander the Great, and the consequent contact of the Hindu mind with the Arts and Literature of the Greeks The fermentation caused in the thoughts and feelings, the manners and customs of the Indians by the reformation of *Śàkyasimha* (शाक्यसिंह), was very great indeed , and for the first time, the Indians became conscious of higher powers than were needed only to chant sweet lyrics full of freshness and *naiveté* or to compose epical dialogues, recounting deeds of heroic valour and manly courage Revolution and reformation are always, more or less, attended by *Struggle*, and *Struggle* is an essential element of the dramatic art In the old Buddhist *Suttas*, mention is frequently made as Prof Lassen has well observed, of theatrical representations and of going to see theatrical performances The contact with the Greeks must also have been useful in this direction Seleukos-Nikator, we know, gave his daughter in marriage to Chandragupta It is highly probable that this Grecian princess was accompanied by some maids of her own country with whom she not unfrequently read the dramatic creations of the three Attic masters Eschylos, Sophocles and Euripides Megasthenes at the end of the third century before Christ passed five years at Pâtaliputra, and we know, from what

fragments have come down to us of his works, that his relations with the natives of the country were very intimate In fact, during the 3 to 4 centuries between the expedition of Alexander the Great and the birth of Christ, the intercourse between the Greeks and the Hindus must have been very close and very constant. About the beginning of the Christian era, we read of a Greek kingdom founded in Bactria whose powerful monarchs like Menander (Milinda) and Kanerki (Kanishka) extended their power sometimes over Cashmere, the Punjab and Guzarat And it is precisely in Western India, in *Malava* (मालव), in *Avantí* (अवन्ती), (Ujjayini), in the courts of *Śudraka* (शूद्रक), and *Vikramáditya* (विक्रमादित्य), that dramatic literature had its rise. The supposition, therefore, of Weber's, that the Indians might have been prompted to real dramatic compositions by the sight of Greek plays is not to be summarily rejected To draw an inference from the present to the past, cur modern dramatic literature in Bengal which came into existence only 45 years ago, is grealty indebted to the perfomanec of English dramas in Calcutta and other chief towns of India. We had *Yàtràs* (यात्रा), and similar things in abundance, but the *drama*, properly so called became possible only since we read and saw the plays of Shakespeare and of other European masters. This influence of the Greeks on the development of the Indian drama becomes all the more probable when we remember, that the Sanskrit word for a stage-curtain is *Yavanika* (यवनिका), i e, something appertaining to or borrowed from the *Yavanas* (यवनाः), or the Ionians,

The word *Yavana* (यवन), has subsequently become a general term for all foreigners Thus under the powerful influences of the Buddhist Reformation and of the Greek arts, the Indian drama became a *fait accompli*, in all likelihood, already in the second century before the Christian era to which date our native Indian authorities and traditions refer the subject of my analysis the *Mricchakatikà* (मृच्छकटिका). The author of this drama, say they, lived a century before *Vikramàditya* (विक्रमादित्य), whose date is fixed at 56 years before Christ, and at whose court the *Navaratnam* (नवरत्नं,) i. e the nine gems of whom *Kàlidasa* (कालिदास), is said to have been one, are said to have flourished. Competent European authorities have, however, doubted this assertion on the ground, that in the *Mricchakatikà* (मृच्छकटिका), the coin *Nánaka* (नाणक), is mentioned, which is attributed to the Graeco-Bactian king *Kanishka* who lived in the first century after Christ The flourishing state of Buddhism, as depicted in this drama, leads Wilson further to conclude, that it must have been written at a time when that religion was in the ascendant which according to some writers, was undoubtedly the case in the second century after Christ Most European Orientalists are, therefore, of opinion, that this drama was written in the second century after Christ, and the dramas of Kâlidâsa still later. Prof. Albrecht Weber would even go so far as to bring down this drama as well as the dramas of Kālidāsa to a period, more or less, co-eval with the works of *Bhavabhûti* (भवभूति), who, very probably lived in the

8th century after Christ Horace Hayman Wilson finds another reason for concluding that the *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका), must be old in the fact, that while the heroes and heroines of the Mahâbhârata and Râmâyana are repeated almost *ad nauseum*, those of the Purânas are never mentioned, not even once This, says he, is reason enough to draw the inference, that the *Mrichakatika* (मृच्छकटिका), was written before the Purânas had come into existence Thus the chronology of this drama still remains an open question as that of the majority of other dramas and of Sanskrit works in general Whatever that may be, most authorities are, at least unanimous so far, that of all the Indian dramas, the *Mruchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका), is not only the most anciet, but also the most interesting, as far as a knowledge of the peculiar manners and etiquettes, habits and customs, virtues and vices of a certain age and society are concerned. The *Mruchakatika* brings into clear, and bold relief as no other Indian drama does, with touches as vigorous as they are bright, with details as minute as they are suggestive, the Indian Society of that age before our eyes, a Society which, as Wilson has rightly observed, "was advanced enough in the path of civilization to be at once luxurious and corrupt." And this society is all the more interesting and piquant, because side by side with customs and characters that are *generally human*, there are in it others which are quite peculiarly indigenous, scenting of the soil where they have grown with its sweets and bitters, lights and shadows in all varieties and proportions. The *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका),

thus belongs to the class of dramas that are called *realistic* although *ideal* elements and characters are also to be found in it as in any drama of Sophocles, Shakespeare or of Schiller. Taken all in all, it belongs, in spite of its strong *realistic tendencies* to that class which is called the *romantic drama*, a mixture of the tragical and the comical, of Phantasy and Real Life (*Phantastisch realistisch* as the Germans call it), a class which is a peculiar creation of the modern European races and of the ancient Hindus, and was wholly unknown to the Greeks and the Romans All the dramas of the Hindus belong to this class The *Mricchakatika* is a sort of looking-glass for the age and society it depicts in the same sense as some of the romances of Dickens and of Balzac are for the peculiar social manners and customs, virtues and vices of the English and the French during certain periods of their growth and development

I now turn to the chief characters of the play, and, first of all, naturally to *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) , the hero of this drama and after whom it ought to have been named. The character of *Chārudatta* (चारुदत्त), is as ideal as any that has ever been conceived by a dramatist His generosity is so great, that it has actually brought him down to the lowest stages of poverty , his sympathy with his fellow-beings is so deep and genuine, that he has always a kind word to put in for the poor, the oppressed and the outcast, to whom every man is a brother who seeks his refuge and protection, who is so scrupulously honest and conscienti-

ous, that to him death is thousand times more welcome than even the least shadow of dishonesty on his character and who is over and above all this so mild and forbearing that he not only forgives but even does good to his most inveterate enemies. This *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), loves and is loved by a Hetaira or a courtesan who pays him visits and stays with him, though he is already a husband and a father ! But what is still more strange to our modern notions of things is, that the respected and beloved wife of *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), not only takes no umbrage at this conduct of her dearly cherished lord, but even seems friendly and sisterly disposed to her more charming rival to whom she sends her own costly pearls and ornaments as soon as she learns, that the golden ornaments put into her husband's custody by *Vasantasèna* (वसन्तसेना), have been stolen Yes, *Vasantasena*(वसन्तसेना), that is the euphonious name of the heroine of this drama. *Vasantasèna* (वसन्तसेना), though belonging to such a class and such a profession, is still treated by all with an amount of respect and consideration which, as I have just said, is rather puzzling to us from our present standpoint of morality. But we should not judge other times and other races from our own standpoint. There was a class of such women in ancient Greece, called Hetairas, and no less a man than Socrates used to visit one of these women called Theodota with all his disciples to hold ethical and philosophical discussions. The beautiful and highly cultivated Aspasia was also a Hetaira, and she was the friend and wife of Pericles the statesman, the orator and the patriot. In our

own times, the School of French novelists whose acknowledged leader is undoubtedly Monsieur Zola deck their *demi-monde* heroines with exactly similar virtues and perfections as the author of this drama has done his For, in this play, the heroine *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना), is the very *beau ideal* of disinterestedness, of love, fidelity, devotion and of all imaginable moral excellence The character *Śarvilaka* (शार्विलक), the Brahmin thief and the political agitator, offers some traits which are particularly Indian When trying to break into the house of *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) he reasons and speculates on the material he has to deal with, bricks and mortar of the wall, the various forms which the hole should take, of a lotus-flower, of the sun, of a phase of the moon, or of a pond or water-jug, just as if he were solving some subtle problems of the *Sànkhyadarśana* (सांख्यदर्शन)! The subtle, speculative Indian mind shows and preserves its peculiarity even when going to steal Not only this, but the thievish Brahman makes even a sort of religion out of his nefarious calling. He frequently invokes the god *Skanda* (स्कद), or *Kârtikeya* (कार्तिकेय), who is supposed to be the guardian god of thieves Nay, the Hindus have even a science of stealing called *Chaurya-Vidyâ* (चौर्यविद्या),and attributed to a renowned and holy sage, called *Yogâchârya* (योगाचार्य). The Hindu must have his philosophy, religion and science even in stealing. The character of *Śarvilaka* (शार्विलक) gives rise to other reflexions of a similar kind.

Śarvilaka (शार्विलक) is the son of a Brâhmin who was well-versed in the four Vedas and who had "never taken a present or gift" He is evidently a man of importance to judge by the highly distinguished part he plays in overthrowing the old dynasty of the king *Palaka* (पालक), and in setting up a new one of the shepherd *Âryaka* (आर्यक). And yet this Brâhmin of good family and social distinction is a rank thief, who breaks into the house of one who, he knew, had been reduced to the straits of dire poverty by his excessive generosity, steals away the gold casket he finds there , to do what ? *To gain the love of a courtesan* ! In this way, this holy Bráhmin combines in his own person most of the principal vices which are usually held to be disgraceful in human society. A priestly birth and pious breeding are, therefore, no more successful in keeping down some of the worst propensities of our nature in India than they are in Europe where sons of clergymen not unfrequently turn out to be rabid sceptics and notorious scamps. Human nature is, more or less, the same all the world over It is, however, just to add, that the poet of the *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका), very probably belonged to a sceptical rationalistic and Voltairean school of philosophy to whom it afforded veritable pleasure to give the priests as many strokes as he could ("den pfaffen noch Eins zu geben ! " says Lessing somewhere), to detect as many spots in their holy dress as possible, in other words, to make caricature of the sacred guardians of morals and religion. This is evident not only from the villainous traits he has attributed to the Brâhmin *Śarvilaka* (शार्विलक), but also from the low subordinate position

of a half-parasite and half-buffoon he gives to the otherwise true and good-hearted *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय), who is always talking of eating or drinking like *Màdhavya* (माधव्य), in the *Śakuntala* (शकुन्तला), and who reminds one in this respect of the monks of the Middle Ages (" As voracious as a priest " and " As voluptuous as an archbishop " were current sayings in Germany before Luther). Hence the poet never fails to utilise to the best advantage, whenever there is the slightest opportunity for sneering at the Brahmins, or anything belonging to their sacred calling *Śarvilaka* (शार्विलक), when trying to break in, suddenly discovers, that he has forgotten a *measuring chord* to find out the length and breadth of bricks he wants to take off —

धिक्कष्टम् । प्रमाणसूत्रं मे विस्मृतम् । (विचिन्त्य) आं ! इदं यज्ञोपवीतं प्रमाणसूत्रं भविष्यति । यज्ञोपवीतं हि नाम ब्राह्मणस्य महदुपकरणद्रव्यं विशेषतोस्मद्विधस्य । कुतः ।

एतेन मापयति भित्तिषु कर्ममार्गम्
एतेन मोचयति भूषणसंप्रयोगान् ।
उद्घाटकोभवति यन्त्रदृढे कवाटे
दष्टस्य कीटभुजगैः परिवेष्टनंच ॥

मापयित्वा कर्म समारभे । (तथा कृत्वावलोक्य च)। एकलोष्टावशेषोऽयं सन्धिः । धिक्कष्टम् । अहिना दष्टोऽस्मि । (यज्ञोपवीतेनाङ्गुलिं बध्द्वा विषवेगं नाटयाति)। चिकित्सां कृत्वा स्वस्थोऽस्मि ।

"Alas ! I have forgotten the *measuring chord* (thinking) Ah! this *Yajnopavîtam* (यज्ञोपवीतं), (holy thread) shall serve as a *measuring chord* , the holy thread is, indeed, a very useful tool for Brahmins, particularly for Brahmins of my type ! " For, with this thread we can measure in a wall our entrance to the scene of action, and we can loosen ornaments from their places It serves as a key to closely barred doors, and as a bandage when we are bitten by worms or snakes. "

" Having measured he begins work , (digging and looking in) , ' Only a clump of earth more and the opening is made Alas ! I am bitten by a snake ! ' Having tied his finger with the holy thread, he does, as if he was suffering from the effect of poison ' *Having applied the right medicine, I feel all right again* ! ' "

The sarcasm of the above is too patent to need pointing out

An ignorant, wicked and blood-thirsty ruffian like *Samsthànaka* (समूस्थानक), the king's brother-in-law, is to be found in every age and in every land He is quite typical Such seeds grow in every soil, from Great Britain to India Prince Cloten in Shakespeare's " Cymbeline " is a similar prototype, Iago in " Othello, " and Marinelli in Lessing's " Emilia Galotti ", I should not be surprised if we have such brothers-in-law even in Hyderabad and in all the Durbars of the Native States They have the same insolence and arrogance, the same extravagance and unscrupulousness, the same vices and crimes everywhere with local shades and *nuances* of difference which only render them more dramatic. Only here in India where all things are

in extremes, these fungus-growths of vice and sensuality often attain such gigantic size and monstrous proportions as they do nowhere else in the world "A character so utterly contemptible," says Professor Wilson, "has perhaps been scarcely ever delineated, his vices are egregious, he is coldly and cruelly malicious and yet he is so frivolous as scarcely to excite our indignation, anger were wasted on one so despicable, and without any feeling of compassion for his fate, we are quite disposed, when he is about to suffer the merited punishment of his crimes, to exclaim with *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), 'Loose him and let him go'! He is an excellent example of a genus too common in every age in Asia, whose princes have been educated by sloth and servility and have been ordinarily taught to cherish no principle but that of selfish gratification ".

The character of *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय), the friend and companion of *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), has nothing very original about it In the history of the European drama, we have such characters in Kent of Shakespeare and in Just and Al Hafi of Lessing; Like them, *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय), is equally true, devoted and affectionate, and yet with an occasional mixture of the buffoon and the parasite in his composition which gives him in this piece the *rôle* of what the Spaniards would call a *gracioso*. He is cunning and yet *naive* The *realism* of his character comes out in his rather too frequent allusions to dishes and drinks, while his *idealism* consists solely in loving and in being true to his friend and benefactor *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) whom he idolises with all the devotion and tenderness of a poodle,

The *Vita* (विट) i e, *mosaheb* or Parasite of *Samsthanaka* (समूस्थानक), is a character well-known in every country where there has been some form of aristocracy We have whole shoals of them here in Hyderabad and the other Native Courts It was very common in Europe in the feudal times Even so late as the 16th century, the Age of *Renaissance*, we find the *Vita* (विट): *Triboulet*, in the brilliant court of Francis I There is, however this difference between the European *Vitas* (विटा:), and their Hindu counterparts in India, that while the former almost without any exception say "Yes" to all that their lords desire, and frequently do their best to whet and pander to the low appetites of those that they serve, the latter not unfrequently raise their voice of warning and admonition when things go too far and even absolutely refuse to obey when it is a question of life or honour This is chiefly due, I believe, to the fact that the *Vita* (विट) in the Sanskrit dramas always belongs to the higher castes, and is, more or less, a scholar and a gentleman. In this drama, the *Vita* (विट) of *Samsthànaka* (समूस्थानक) will by no means whatever consent to kill *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) even though *Samsthánaka* (समूस्थानक) points out to him that it was beyond all probability that anybody should see or know anything about it He replies in the following words —

पश्यन्ति मां दशादिशो वनदेवताश्च
चंद्रश्च दीप्तकिरणश्च दिवाकरोऽयम् ।

धर्मानिलौ च गगनं च तथान्तरात्मा
भूमिस्तथा सुकृतदुष्कृतसाक्षिभूता ॥

"Me, see the ten quarters, the gods of the forests, the moon, yonder sun of dazzling beams, *Yama* (यम), and *Váyu* (वायु), the sky and the inward soul, yea, this earth, the eternal witness of all good and bad deeds." How very characteristic these words are of Vita's birth, learning and disposition! A character like that of *Âryaka* (आर्यकः), and *Pàlaka* (पालकः), has, no doubt, some resemblance to that of *Krishna* (कृष्ण), and *Kamsa* (कंस), or of Jesus and Herod. Some European Orientalists have from this drawn the conclusion, that the story of the Gospels must have penetrated quite early into India, and this episode of *Âryaka* (आर्यक), and *Pâlaka* (पालक), in the oldest Sanskrit drama is nothing but an Indian version of the same But it is impossible not to notice this difference that while both in the case of Krishna and of Jesus, the question of divinity and of miraculous powers, plays a very prominent part, there is no trace whatever of any of these elements in the simple political character which *Âryaka* (आर्यक), plays in the *Mricchakatikà* (मृच्छकटिका). He is here a democrat, an idol of the people, and is raised to the highest political power by men who did not certainly belong, without a few exceptions, to the aristocracy of the land His friends and co-adjutors are *Śarvilaka* (शार्विलक), the thievish Brahmin, *Dar-*

duraka (दर्दुरक), the passionate player, *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक), the agent of the Town police , and others of the same description *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त), alone forms an exception, but this can be easily accounted for by the peculiar nobleness of his sympathies which are essentially Buddhistic and democratic Besides, he has now become very poor, and belongs no longer to " The Upper Ten " Such characters, as Âryaka, are, however, common enough in Europe, where political interests occupy such a prominent place.

A character like *Samvahaka* (समवाहक) is common to Christian as well as Buddhist countries. He has been a servant in the house of *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) for rubbing and kneading the body of his master He was discharged when his master's affairs took a bad turn He then made an effort to live by gambling, and was being roughly treated by his partners for ten gold-pieces, when the munificent Vasantaséna (वसन्तसेना) timely came to his assistance and set him free by paying off his relentless creditors to whom she gave one of her golden ornaments *This act he never forgot* At the end of the same Act (II), we hear of Buddhist monk in the most imminent danger of his life from a gigantic elephant belonging to *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) which has suddenly smashed off its chains, has caught hold of the monk by its trunk and is about to trample and crush him to death *Karnapuraka* (कर्णपूरक), the servant of *Vasantaséna* (वसन्तसेना) , saves him Was this the

this the very same gambler whom *Vasantasèna* (वसन्तसेना), had just set free, and who had in the meanwhile become a *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक)! Yes, it was the very same. We hear of him again in the beginning of the VIII Act, when he sings the following verses which constitute the essential tenets of Buddhism These verses are in *Pràkrita* (प्राकृत), but I will read them out to you in Sanskrit, which, I believe you will understand better —

" अज्ञाः ! कुरुत धर्मसंचयम् !
संयच्छत निजोदरं नित्यं जाग्रत ध्यानपटहेन ।
विषमा इंद्रियचोरा हरंति चिरसंचितं धर्मम् ।
अपिच । अनित्यतया प्रेक्ष्य केवलं तावद्धर्माणां शरणमस्मि।
पंचजना येन मारिता स्त्रियं मारयित्वा ग्रामो रक्षितः ।
अबलश्च चण्डालो मारितो वश्यं स नरः स्वर्गं गाहते ।
शिरो मुण्डित तुण्डित चित्तं न मुण्डितं किं मुण्डितम् ।
यस्य पुनश्च चित्त मुण्डितं साधु सुष्ठु शिरस्तस्य मुण्डितम् । "

"O fools! accumulate virtue. Ever restrain your appetites, be awake, and beat the drum of meditation. Formidable are the thieves of senses who steal away long-hoarded virtues. Again —Having found out how fleeting all things are, I have at last taken my refuge only in virtue He has well preserved himself who has killed the five enemies and the wench of ignorance. That man goes to heaven who, though feeble, has conquered his lower propensities. How is he shaven who has only shaven his head.

and chin and not his heart? But he who has shaven his heart is shaven, indeed. He is verily a *Sâdhu* (साधु)!"

This is my translation, prosaic and literal, but the translation given by Pof Wilson in his "Theatre of the Hindus" is so poetical and beautiful that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it for you —

"Be virtue, friends, your only store,
And restless appetite restrain,
Beat meditation's drum, and sore
Your watch against each sense maintain.
The thief that still in ambush lies,
To make devotion's wealth his prize
"Cast the five senses all away,
That triumph o'er the virtuous will;
The pride of self-importance slay,
And ignorance remorseless kill,
So shall you safe the body guard
And heaven shall be your last reward!
"Why shave the head and mow the chin
While bristling follies choke the breast,
Apply the knife to parts within,
And heed not how deformed the rest
The heart of pride and passion weed
And then the man is pure indeed"

The generons conduct of the *Śramana* (श्रमण), partly an act of gratitude on his part, at the end of the same Act (VIII) when he saves the life, or rather helps to revive the life of *Vasantasènà* (वसन्तसेना), whom the wicked *Śakara* (शकार), i. e., *Samsthánaka* (समस्थानक), has just strangled,

wins our sympathies for him and for the religion which inspires his actions He has, after passing through different phases of errors and worldliness, at last become a veritable *Śramana* (श्रमण), a true saint like St. Paul and St Augustine, St. Francis and St. Xavier !

The character of the two executioners (*Chandàlas*) (चण्डालाः), in the Act (X) offers a few indigenous traits which are too interesting to be passed over When leading *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), to the place of execution, they both make moral and philosophical reflexions which would seem ridiculous to Europeans, but which are yet, quite in keeping with the general character of the Hindus, even of the lowest classes. On his companion's, addressing *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त) , without the honorific adjunct *Ârya* (आर्य), the other *Chandala* (चण्डाल) thus reproves him —

(The original is in *Prâkrita*—प्राकृत)

अरे ! आर्यचारुदत्तं निरुपपदेन नाम अलपासि ?

अरे, पश्य,

" अभ्युदयेवसाने तथैव रात्रि दिवमहतमार्गा ।

उद्दामेव किशोरी नियतिः खलु प्रतिष्ठम् याति । "

" Look here, you address the worthy *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), without the title *Ârya* (आर्य), to his name ? " Reflect —" By rising and setting by day and night irresistible fate follows whomsoever it will, like a young female elephant set loose "

Again —(The original is in *Prakrita*— प्राकृत).

चाण्डालः—अरे तव अत्र वध्यपालिका.

द्वितीयः—अरे तव.

प्रथमः—लेखं कुर्मः (इति बहुविधं लेखकं कृत्वा)

प्रथमः—अरे, यदि मदीया वध्यपालिका तदा तिष्ठत तावन्मुहूर्तकं.

द्वितीयः—किं निमित्तं ?

प्रथमः—भणितोस्मि पित्रा स्वर्गं गच्छता,

यथा पुत्रवीरक, यदि तववध्यपाली भवति, मा सहसा व्यापादयसि वध्यम्.

द्वितीयः—अरे किं निमित्तम् ?

प्रथमः—कदापि कोपि साधुरर्थं दत्त्वा वध्यं मोचयति ; कदापि राज्ञः पुत्रो भवति, तेन वृद्धिमहोत्सवेन सर्ववध्यानां मोक्षो भवति ; कदापि हस्ती बन्धं खण्डयति तेन संभ्रमेण वध्यो मुक्तो भवति ; कदापि राजपरिवर्तो भवति, तेन सर्ववध्यानां मोक्षो भवति.

Chandâla I. —Come, this is your turn to kill.

Chandâla II. .—No, it is yours

Chandâla I. ·—Come, let us count. (After making several marks) Look here, if it be really my turn, then we must yet wait a while !

Çhandâla II. —Why ?

Chandâla I. —My father, when he was about to depart for heaven said this to me 'Son *Viraka* (वीरक) ! if it ever be thy turn to execute never kill the condemned immediately.

Chandâla II —Why then ?

Chandâla I :—Sometimes a generous man may set the culprit free by money, sometimes a son may be born to the king, and all the felons are discharged on his birth-day festival, sometimes an elephant may break its chains, and the criminal has a chance of escape in the tumult, or perhaps there is a change of dynasty when all those that are condemned to death regain their salvation."

Again, when *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) laments that it is not death that he fears but his good name and the honour of his family which have been tarnished, one of the *chandâlas* (चण्डालाः) makes the following observations —

[The original is in *Pràkrita* (प्राकृत)]

चण्डालः—आर्य चारुदत्त! गगनतले प्रतिवसन्तः चन्द्र-सूर्यावपि विपत्ति लभेते; किं पुनर्जनामरणभीरुका मानवा वा; लोके कोप्युत्थितः पतति, कोपि पतितोप्युत्तिष्ठते. उत्तिष्ठत् पततो वसनपातिका शवस्य पुनरस्ति; ऽतानि हृदये कृत्वा सन्धारयात्मानम्.

"Chandâla worthy *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), even the sun and moon which are in heaven undergo change and suffering, what about poor mortals like ourselves, afraid of death? In this world one rises but to fall, while another falls but to rise. But when somebody having once risen, falls again, it is as if the garments fall off from his body. Please take these things into your heart and be firm."

Enough to show, I belive, how even the *Chandàlas* (चण्डालाः), were given to *moralising* in olden days!

I have now passed in cursory review almost all the chief characters of the *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका), and in a second paper, I hope to give you an argument of this play, an analysis of each act, and recitations and translations of all the best passages. Nothing but a cursory review was possible under the circumstances This drama is divided into ten acts (fancy!) quite equal to at least three dramas of Eschylos, Sophocles, and Euripides Like its rivers and mountains, forests and prairies, every thing in India is on a grand scale, even its dramas. It is a veritable *embarras des richeses* and I must consequently ask your attention and indulgence a second time All these ten acts are almost equally interesting, not the least interesting of them all is the IXth act, which brings to light some curious details about the Courts of Justice as they were in vogue in ancient India. Even then the quibblings and quiddities of the legal profession, "the glorious uncertainties of law" were as notorious as they are now. From the course of legal proceedings about *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त), we see how even then it was easy

to be led by mere appearances to condemn a perfectly innocent man, and to let go the truly culpable. In the drama under consideration, the poet, it appears to me, carries it a little too far, draws it to such an extreme pitch, that we lose patience and would fain shut our eyes to the horrid scene that is about to be acted before our eyes. Our sense of justice is utterly shocked and paralysed by it and refuses to accept it as really true. The *tragic element* in the case could hardly be carried any further. *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) takes leave of his friend *Maitrêya* (मैत्रेय) and his dear little child *Rohasêna* (रोहसेन) who breaks out into the following touching exclamation — अले चाण्डाला, मं मारेध, मुंचध आवुकं ! "Oh, ye *Chândalas* (चाण्डाला:) ! kill me and let my father go!" At which *Samsthânaka* (समुस्थानक), the Evil One cries out (सपुत्रमेवैतम् मारयत) ! (Kill him along with his son!"). News soon arrives that the wife of *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त), is about to ascend a funeral pile and burn herself. How could the devoted Hindu wife bear to live after the death and disgrace of her husband? A Shakespeare would probably have got the hero *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त), killed,—impaled, but the Hindu Shakespeare (for of all our Hindu poets, the author of the *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका) probably approches the great English dramatist more than any other) cannot do that. In art, in drama, the *Ideal Justice* must triumph at last. *To every one shall be given what he or she deserves.* This

is a very characteristic feature of the Hindu drama which must always end in peace and justice, love and happiness. No doubt the realities of this work-a-day world are often very different We often see the bad prosper and the good suffer. We often come across a smooth, sleek and smiling villain who enjoys all the good things of this world, while a truly good and noble man pines away in poverty and neglect. We often see the pushing and the plausible *dilettante* of shallow wits get the better of the retired sage of real merits whom very few know and still fewer appreciate. All this may be entirely true, but in Art, in the sphere of the ideal, says the Hindu, the artist and the poet hast a right to anticipate and represent *ideal possibilities* which, it is our fervent hope and sincere faith, will be actual realities either here or in a better world to come. And so the hero of this drama, *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) is not only not impaled as the king, *Pálaka* (पालक) had summarily ordained, but comes out of all these trials and sufferings with his reputation for honesty and innocence more firmly established than ever, returned to his wife and child and to his beloved *Vasantasénà* (वसन्तसेना) whom the newly elected King *Âryaka* (आर्यक) gives him as his second wife, and the last, though not the least restored to wealth and position by being appointed as the governor of *Kusávati* (कुशावती) on the banks of the river *Venà* (वेणा) which the monarch accords to him in recognition of his high character and capacities, and not improbably also as a slight token of gratitude for the service which *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) had once rendered him when he was

making his escape out of the prison walls of his adversary, the King *Pálaka* (पालक) (VII Act). Thus ends the *Mricchakatikà* (मृच्छकटिका), *Sàkuntala* (शाकुन्तलम्), *Vikrama-Urvasiam* (विक्रमोर्वशीयम्), *Màlavikâgnimitram* (मालविकाग्निमित्रम्), *Uttararàmacharitam* (उत्तर रामचरितम्), *Malatimàdhavam* (मालतीमाधवम्), *Venisamhára,* (वेणीसंहारः), and other dramatical works of the Hindusend in joy, peace, and reconciliation The Hindu drama begins with a prayer to the divinity, called *Nandi* (नान्दी) and ends with a benedictory formula called *Bharata-Vakyam* (भरत वाक्यम्) The *Bharata-Vakyam* (भरतवाक्यम्) in this drama is as follows :—

क्षीरिण्यः सन्तु गावो भवतु वसुमती सर्वसंपन्नसस्या
पर्जन्यः कालवर्षी सकलजनमनोनन्दिनो वांतु वाताः ।
मोदन्ता जन्मभाजः सततमभिमता ब्राह्मणाः सन्तु सन्तः
श्रीमन्तः पान्तु पृथ्वी प्रशमितारिपवो धर्मनिष्ठाश्च भूपाः ॥

" May cows give milk in abundance , may the earth be full of all kinds of grains , may clouds pour down in season , may winds blow and diffuse gladness into the hearts of all people , may all creatures rejoice , may Brahmins be received with due respect , may good men prosper , and may kings, endowed with justice and self-control, reign over this earth !"

MRICCHAKATIKA (मृच्छकटिका).

DRAMATICE PERSONAE



MEN

1 *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) a Brahmin of a wealthy and respectable family, reduced to poverty by his munificence, beloved by *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना).

2 *Rohasèna* (रोहसेन) the son of Charudatta, a boy

3 *Maitréya* (मैत्रेय), a Brahmin, the friend and companion of *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), the *Vidushaka* (विदूषक), or gracioso of the piece

4 *Vardhamana* (वर्धमान), the servant of *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त).

5 *Samsthànaka* (समस्थानक), the brother-in-law of the Rajah, an ignorant, frivolous and cruel coxcomb

6 *The Vita* (विट), the *Mosahib* and *bon Camèradè* of the preceding

7 *Sthàvaraka* (स्थावरक), the servant of the Prince.

8 *Ârvyaka (आर्यक), a cowherd and insurgent, finally successful.

9 *Sarvilaka (शार्विलक), a dissipated Brahmin, the friend of Ârvyaka (आर्यक), in love with Madanika (मदनिका).

10 *Samvâhaka (सम्वाहक), servant of Chàrudatta (चारुदत्त), who used to *shampoo* him, but who becomes a Buddha mendicant, a sramanaka (श्रमणक).

11 Màthura (माथुर), the keeper of a gaming-house.

12 Darduraka (दर्दुरक),a gambler.

13 Karnapùraka (कर्णपूरक), Vasantasena's (वसन्तसेना), servant

14 Adhikaranika (अधिकरणिक), or the Judge

15 Sreshthin (श्रेष्ठिन्), *Sett* or Provost

16 Kayastha (कायस्थ), scribe or recorder

17&18 Chandanaka and Viraka, (चन्दनक), (वरिक), Captains of town guard

19 The Vita (विट), or, parasite of Vasantsena (वसन्तसेना).

20&21 Two Chandalas (चण्डालौ), or public executioners.

WOMEN

1 The wife of *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त).

2 * *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना), a lovely young girl, daughter of a courtesan, and in love with *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त).

3 The mother of *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना).

4 *Madanikâ* (मदनिका), the attendant and *confidante* of *Vasantasènà* (वसन्तसेना), beloved by *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक).

5 *Radanika* (रदनिका), the servant of *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त), house

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

1 *Pàlaka* (पालक), king of *Ujjayini* (उज्जयिनी).

2 *Rôbhila* (रोभिल), a musician.

3 The *Siddha* (सिद्ध), or seer who prophesied *Àryaka's* (आर्यक), success

SCENE.

Ujjayini, the city and the suburbs.

Time. Four days.



* The chief characters are marked

MRICCHAKATIKA · II

(मृच्छकटिका)

OR

THE TOY-CART.

(Argument and Analysis)

I

A highly respectable but very poor Brahmin of *Ujjayini* (उज्जयिनी), *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त), by name, is loved by a young and pretty girl, called *Vasantasènâ* (वसन्तसेना), the daughter of a wealthy courtesan She has numerous suitors and admirers, not the least of whom is prince *Samsthanaka* (समस्थानक), the king's brother-in-law, an ignorant, frivolous and cruel coxcomb who pursues her in a most relentless manner, but in vain She simply loathes him, while she adores *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), in spite of his extreme poverty. One evening as *Vasantasenâ* (वसन्तसेना) is going along the road towards *Chárudatta's* (चारुदत्त) house, the prince and his Vita (विट), (*bon camréade*) both follow at her heels until *Vasantasénâ* (वसन्तसेना) slips into *Charudatta's* house by a secret door and disappears. The prince and his *Vita* (विट) now give up their fruitless search and return.

Chárudatta (चारुदत्त) and *Vasantasèna* (वसन्तसेना) meet and exchange mutual greetings She prepares to take leave but before doing so she makes over her ornaments to *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त) care for fear of being robbed in the way *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) escorts her home by moonlight —

उदयति हि शशाङ्कः कामिनीगण्डपाण्डुः
ग्रहगणपरिवारो राजमार्गप्रदीपः ।
तिमिरनिकरमध्ये रश्मयो यस्य गौराः
स्रुतजल इव पङ्के क्षीरधाराः पतन्ति ॥

" Pale as the maiden's cheek who pines with love,
The moon is up, with all its starry train,
And lights the royal road with lamps divine,
Whilst through the gloom its milk-white rays descend,
Like streamlets winding o'er the miry plain "

(The depositing of the ornaments)

II

Vasantasená (वसन्तसेना) confesses to her maid and *confidante Madaniká* (मदनिका), that she loves *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) and that she has contrived the dodge of consigning the ornaments to him for a *rendezvous*. In *Châru-datta's* (चारुदत्त) better days, *Samváhaka* (समूवाहक)

a native of *Pâtalîputra* (पाटलीपुत्र), was one of his household servants. *Samvâhaka's* (समवाहक) duty consisted chiefly in *shampooing* the graceful person of his master When *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त) affairs took a bad turn, *Samvàhaka* (समवाहक) was discharged and he took to gambling This gambling has brought him down so low, that he is being very roughly treated by the *Sabhika* (सभिक) the manager, for a small debt of 10 gold coins. In his fright, he takes refuge in *Vasantasenà's* (वसन्तसेना) house, who sends one of her valuable ornaments to the manager and sets him free *This act of kindness he never forgot* Almost immediately after, a mad elephant sets upon him and is about to crush him when *Vasantasenà's* (वसन्तसेना) servant, *Karnapûraka* (कणपूरक) saves him from a horrid and imminent death He then becomes a *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक) or Buddhist mendicant.

Chârudatta (चारुदत्त) who was on the spot when the infuriated beast charged the poor monk, threw his perfumed mantle over *Karnapûraka* (कर्णपूरक) as a reward "Where did you leave him ? " asks *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना). *Karnapûraka* (कर्णपूरक), " Going home, I believe, along this road " *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) to *Madanika* मदनिका " Quick girl, quick (upon this terrace) ; and we may yet catch a glimpse of him. "

Samvâhaka (समवाहक)—*The gambler.*

III

Chârudatta (चारुदत्त) has been to a musical party, where *Rêbhila* (रेभिल), playing *Víná* (वीणा), has quite charmed him. He is evidently very susceptible of music, for, he says —

उत्कण्ठितस्य हृदयानुगुणा वयस्या
सङ्केतके चिरयति प्रवरो विनोदः ।
संस्थापना प्रियतमा विरहातुराणा
रक्तस्य रागपरिवृद्धिकरः प्रमोदः ॥

" Like a dear friend it cheers the lonely heart,
And lends new lustre to the social meeting
It lulls the pain that absent lovers feel,
And adds fresh impulse to the glow of passion "

He, therefore, comes home late tha evening and falls fast asleep *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक), a dissipated Brahmin who is in love with *Madanikà* (मदनिका), *Vasantasenà's* (वसन्तसेना) maid, breaks into *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त), house and carries the casket of ornaments away placed in his charge by *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना). The reflexions of *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक) on his art and his devices to break into the house are both ingenious and amusing When

Charudatta (चारुदत्त) comes to hear of the theft, he faints; so over-powering is his shame and grief *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) hints, that he might deny the whole thing with impunity if he liked, but says *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त).—

भैक्ष्येणाप्यर्जयिष्यामि पुनर्न्यासप्रतिक्रियाम् ।
अनृतनाभिधास्यामि चारित्रभ्रंशकारणम् ॥

"No, no, I will beg alms, and so obtain
The value of the pledge and quit its owner;
But cannot condescend to shame my soul
By utterance of a lie"

But *Chàrudatta*'s (चारुदत्त) wife rises to the occasion and offers her own pearl necklace brought from her maternal house as a substitute. "Am I poor?" asks he. "Certainly not"

विभवानुगता भार्या सुखदुःखसुहृद्भवान् ।
सत्यंच नपरिभ्रष्टं यद्दरिद्रेषुदुर्लभम् ॥

"It's false, I am not poor a wife whose love
Outlives my fortune, a true friend who shares
My sorrows and my joy, and honesty
Unwarped by indigence, these still are mine"

(The house—breaking)

IV

Early next morning, *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक) goes to see *Madanikà* (मदनिका), and makes her a present of the

ornaments he has stolen for her sake *Madanika* (मदनिका) knows at once whose ornaments they are, and expresses her grief and annoyance This excites *Sarvilaka's* (शार्विलक) jealousy who imagines *Madanikâ* (मदनिका) must be in love with *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), and makes some very uncomplimentary remarks about the fair sex in general, and the class *Madanikâ* (मदनिका) and her mistress belong to, in particular *Madanika,* (मदनिका) however, persuades her lover to give himself out as *Charudatta's* (चारुदत्त) messenger who has brought those ornments for *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना). *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) though fully knowing all, receives both the message and the messenger as such, and gives *Madanika* (मदनिका) for his wife as a reward for his services and a sign of her gratification With thanks and blessings on his lips, *Sarvilak* (शार्विलक) now goes away with his blooming bride, but has to bid her adieu almost immediately, as he hears of his frend *Âryaka's* (आर्यक) incarceration by the king who has been told by a soothsayer, that *Âryaka* (आर्यक) the shepherd boy, would some day take his place This piece of news drowns all other considerations with *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक), and off he hastens to rouse the friends, kinsmen and associates of *Âryaka* (आर्यक) in self-defence. " There are two things in this world " says he, " which are

most dear to all men a friend and a mistress. At such moments as these, a friend is prized above a hundred beauties "

In the meantime, *Maitrêya* (मैत्रेय) arrives at *Vasantasena's* (वसन्तसेना) house with the pearl-necklace which *Charudatta's* (चारुदत्त) wife has given as a substitute. He is condnucted by a *Vandhula* (वन्धुल), a sort of chamberlain, through all the seven courts whose splendour dazzles the poor Brahmin who breaks out involuntarily, as it were into descriptions, partly poetical and partly humorous, till he reaches the gate, where amidst shrubs and flowers there was sitting *Vasantasèna* (वसन्तसेना) herself, the fairest of all After mutual greetings and compliments, *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) asks him the object of his visit, when *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) offers her the pearl-necklace as a substite for the ornaments she had left bihind in *Chàrudattá's* (चारुदत्त) charge, and which *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) has very unfortunately lost in gambling. *Vasantasêna* (वसन्तसेना) accepts the necklace with a knowing smile, and requests *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) to tell his friend, the gambler, that she was coming to see him that very evening Dark clouds, are, however, gathering in the horizon, and when *Madanika* (मदनिका) draws, her attention to them, she only replies .—

उदयन्तु नाम मेघा भवतु निशा वर्षमविरतं पततु ।
गणयामि नैव सर्वं दयिताभिमुखेन हृदयेन ॥

" Let clouds gather and dark night descend,
And heavy fall unintermitted showers,
I heed them not, wench, when I haste to seek
His presence, whose loved image warms my heart "

(Madanika and Sarvilaka)

V

This act opens with a gorgeous descrption by *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) of the impending thunderstorm He is sitting in his garden and awaiting *Maitreya's* (मैत्रेय) return, When *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) arrives, he brings in the news of *Vasantasena's* intended visit that evening Not long after, *Kumbhilaka* (कुम्भीलक), *Vasantasena s* (वसन्तसेना) servant, puts in appearance and announces, that her mistres is comming Here there is a good deal of chaffing, and punning between him and *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय). Meanhile V*asantasêna* (वसन्तसेना) has started, accompanied by her V*ita* (विट), i e Parasite, a female servant and an umbrella bearer. All along the route, there is an emulatievely poetical description of the rainy season between V*ita* (विट), and V*asantasena* (वसन्तसेना), in which the lady undoubtedly carries the palm. While V*ita* (विट),

indulges in all the common-place images and metaphors of Sanscrit poetry, *Vasantasènâ* (वसन्तसेना) is simple and picturesque, while her remarks are tinged with a certain love-sick melancholy which is charming Since, the unique burthen of all her songs is —

मेघा वर्षन्तु गर्जन्तु मुञ्चन्त्वशनिमेव वा ।
गणयन्ति न शीतोष्णं रमणाभिमुखाः स्त्रियः ॥

" Let clouds pour , let thunders flash and roar , *a maid intent on her lover minds neither heat nor cold* "

At last, she reaches her lover's place quite drenched and dripping wet which extorts from him the remark —

वर्षोदकमुद्गिरता श्रवणान्तविलम्बिना कदम्बेन ।
एकः स्तनोभिषिक्तो नृपसुत इव यौवराज्यस्थः ॥

" *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय), from the flowers that grace her ear
Surcharged with rain, the drops have trickled down
And bathed her bosom like a young prince installed
The partner of imperial honours ! "

Inspired probably by *Vasantasenâ's* (वसन्तसेना) presence, *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) goes in again for a description of the pouring rain, which he winds up thus —

एतैः पिष्टतमालवर्णकनिभैरालिप्तमंभोदरैः
संसक्तैरुपजीवितं सुरभिभिः शीतैः प्रदोषानिलैः ।

एषांभोदसमागमप्रणयनी स्वच्छन्दमभ्यागता
रक्ता कान्तमिवाम्बरं प्रियतमा विद्युत्समालिङ्गति ॥

See, lady, how the firmament anointed
With unguent of the black *tamala's* (तमाल) hue
And fanned by fragrant and refreshing gales,
Is by the lightning tenderly embraced,
As the loved lord whom fearlessly she flies to!"

A hint which the lady is by no means slow to take, and so she throws herself into the arms of her lover!

Chàrudatta (चारुदत्त) says —

वयस्य नार्हस्युपालब्धुम् ।
वर्षशतमस्तु दुर्दिनमविरतधार शतह्रदास्फुरतु ।
अस्मद्विधदुर्लभया यदह प्रियया परिष्वक्तः ॥

अपिच वयस्य ।

धन्यानि तेषां खलुजीवितानि
ये कामिनीना गृहमागतानाम् ।
आर्द्राणि मेघोदकशीतलानि
गात्राणि गात्रेषु परिष्वजन्ति ॥

"Reprove it not, for let the rain descend
The heavens still lour and wide the lightnings launch
A hudred flames, they have befriended me,
And given me her for whom I sighed in vain,
Happy, thrice happy, they whose walls enshrine

The fair they worship and whose arms unfold
Her shivering beauties in their warm embrace."

(Bad weather)

VI.

It is bright morning, but *Vasanantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) is still in bed When she is awake after all, the servant informs her, that *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) went away to the garden *Pushpakarandakà* (पुष्पकरन्डका) very early that morning, leaving word with *Vardhamana* (वर्धमान) to drive her down to the same palace While *Vardhanaàna* (वर्धमान) is getting the car ready, *Rohasêna* (रोहसेन) *Chárudatta's* (चारुदत्त) little boy enters the scene with his nurse *Radanika* (रदनिका). *Radanika* (रदनिका) wants him to play with a cart made of clay, b it he cries for a golden one At this moment *Vasantasênà* (वसन्तसेना) sees him, and asks who the charming little boy is, and why he weeps. Being told how the matter stands, she throws all her ornaments to him and says —

"There go, love, get you a golden cart!" It is from this slight, but touching incident that the name of the play *Mricchakatika* (मृच्छकटिका) or the toy-cart is derived

Vardhamána (वर्धमान) has got the car ready, but he has to drive back to fetch the cushions which he has

forgotten. During this interval, Prince *Samsthânaka's* (समूस्थानक) carriage bound also for the garden *Pushpakarandaka* (पुष्पकरन्डका) chances to pass by *Charudatta's* (चारुदत्त) gate, and *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना), taking it for *Vardhamana's* (वर्धमान) i. e *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त) gets into it, and drives, so to say, into the very arms of her mortal foe When *Vardhamâna* (वर्धमान) at last returns with the cushions and is waiting at *Charudatta's* (चारुदत्त) door, *Âryaka* (आर्यक) who has, in the meantime, got loose and is prowling about for a hiding-place, finding the carriage empty jumps into it at once Here is a very pretty mess no doubt ! The driver, thinking *Vasantasêna* (वसन्त-सेना) was inside by the ringing of *Âryaka's* (आर्यक) chains which he mistakes for the sounds of her ornaments, starts for his destination The conveyance is, however stopped in the way by *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) and *Vîraka* (वीरक), Captains of the Watch, set by the King to arrest *Âryaka* (आर्यक). *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) would let it pass being told that the car belonged to *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त); but *Vîraka* (वीरक) objects to it, asking who is *Chàrudatta* and who is *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) ? *Chandanka* (चन्दनक) : "Do you not know who they are ? If you know not *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) and *Vasantasêna* (वसन्तसेना), you know not the moon and the moon-light when you see them together

in the skies Who is there that is not acquainted with that moon of mildness, that lotus of merit, that liberator from sorrow, that pearl, the essence of four oceans *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त)? Both are of the highest respectability, the boast and pride of the city, the lovely *Vasantasená* (वसन्तसेना) and the virtuous *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त)!"

चन्दनकः। अरे आर्यचारुदत्तं न जानासि न वा वसन्तसेनाम्? यदि आर्यचारुदत्तं वसन्तसेना वा न जानासि, तदा गगने ज्योत्स्नासहितं चन्द्रमपि न जानासि.

कस्तं गुणारविन्दं शीलमृगाङ्कं जनो न जानाति?
आपन्नदुःखमोक्षं चतुस्सागरसारं रत्नम्?
द्वावेव पूजनीयौ इह नगर्यां त्रिलोकभूतश्च [तिलकभूतौच],
आर्या वसन्तसेना धर्मनिधिश्चारुदत्तश्च.

Nevertheless, *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) goes and looks into the car and discovers *Âryaka* (आर्यक), who throws himself at his mercy *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) grants it at once remembering, that though a servant of the King's, yet he has some good friends in the rebel's camp. But *Víraka* (वीरक) has his suspicions and must look into the car for himself. Then ensues a war of words which ends in *Chandanaka's* (चन्दनक) beating his rival out of the field

by *argumentum baculinum*, or in plain English, by kicks and blows. *Âryaka* (आर्यक) now drives further on, accompanied by sundry good wishes from *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) and provided with a sword which the captain of the watch gives him as a pass-port and a *souvenir*

(The Exchange of Carriages)

VII.

When *Vardhamâna* (वर्धमान) arrives with the car, *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) sends *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) to go and assist *Vasantasenâ* (वसन्तसेना) to get down. *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) goes to the car, and looks in, but exclaims —

" Holloa ! what have we here ? This is not *Vasantasenâ* ! (वसन्तसेना). It is *Vasantasenas* (वसन्तसेन:), I suppose ! "

Chârudatta (चारुदत्त) now goes himself, and being struck by the appearance of the man in the car, asks who he is ; *Âryaka* (आर्यक) tells him all about it and craves for his protection. *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) assures him at once of his protection as of his friendship and says —

विधिनैवोपनीतस्त्वं चक्षुर्विषयमागतः ।
अपि प्राणानहं जह्यां न तु त्वां शरणागतम् ॥

वर्धमानक ! चरणान्निगडमपनय.

" My life I may resign, but cannot turn
Away from one who sues to me for refuge
Varadhamana (वर्धमान), remove these fetters "

When *Vardhamana* (वर्धमान) has removed the fetters *Âryaka* (आर्यक) asks *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त) forgivenes for having, without his permission, got into his car, and then there is an exchange of courtesy and civility which is quite Indian *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) however, insists on *Âryaka's* (आर्यक) keeping his seat in the car and he orders *Vardhamàna* (वर्धमान) to drive him beyond the limits as far as he will He then prepares to leave the garden when he sees a *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक) enter !

(The Flight of Âryaka [आर्यक]

VIII.

This Buddha mendicant is no other than our friend *Śamvâhaka* (समूवाहक), who has now become a true saint *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक), and who has now come here

to wash his yellow robe in a tank in the garden We find him chanting the following verses which constitute the chief tenets of his faith —

" Be virtue, friends, your only store,
And restless appetite restrain,
Beat meditation's drum and sore
Your watch against each sense maintain,
The thief that still in ambush lies,
To make devotion's wealth his prize

" Caste the five senses all away,
That triumph over the virtuous will,
The pride of self-importance slay,
And ignorance remorseless kill,
So shall you safe the body guard,
And Heaven shall be your last reward

" Why shave the head and mow the chin
Whilst bristling follies choke the breast ?
Apply the knife to parts within,
And heed not how deformed the rest
The heart of pride and passion weed,
And then the man is pure indeed !

Meanwhile *Samsthanaka* (समुस्थानक), accompanied by *Vita* (विट), strolls that way and as soon as he sees the *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक), he drives him away with kicks and insults He then walks about the garden and indulges in his characteristic punning and tomfooleries It is now nearly noon and yet there is no trace of *Sthavaraka* (स्थावरक), the coachman At last, *Sthavaraka* (स्थावरक) arrives with

in the skies Who is there that is not acquainted with that moon of mildness, that lotus of merit, that liberator from sorrow, that pearl, the essence of four oceans *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) ? Both are of the highest respectability, the boast and pride of the city, the lovely *Vasantasená* (वसन्तसेना) and the virtuous *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त)! "

चन्दनकः । अरे आर्यचारुदत्तं न जानासि न वा वसन्तसेनाम् ? यदि आर्यचारुदत्त वसन्तसेना वा न जानासि, तदा गगने ज्योत्स्नासहितं चन्द्रमपि न जानासि.

कस्तं गुणारविन्दं शीलमृगाङ्कं जनो न जानाति ?
आपन्नदुःखमोक्ष चतुस्सागरसारं रत्नम् ?
द्वावेव पूजनीयौ इह नगर्यां त्रिलोकभूतश्च [तिलकभूतौच],
आर्या वसन्तसेना धर्मनिधिश्चारुदत्तश्च.

Nevertheless, *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) goes and looks into the car and discovers *Âryaka* (आर्यक), who throws himself at his mercy *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) grants it at once remembering, that though a servant of the King's, yet he has some good friends in the rebel's camp. But *Vîraka* (वीरक) has his suspicions and must look into the car for himself. Then ensues a war of words which ends in *Chandanaka's* (चन्दनक) beating his rival out of the field

by *argumentum baculinum*, or in plain English, by kicks and blows. *Âryaka* (आर्यक) now drives further on, accompanied by sundry good wishes from *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) and provided with a sword which the captain of the watch gives him as a pass-port and a *souvenir*

(The Exchange of Carriages)

VII.

When *Vardhamâna* (वर्धमान) arrives with the car, *Châruda*tta (चारुदत्त) sends *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) to go and assist *Vasantasenâ* (वसन्तसेना) to get down *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) goes to the car, and looks in, but exclaims —

" Holloa ! what have we here ? This is not *Vasantasenâ* ! (वसन्तसेना). It is *Vasantasenas* (वसन्तसेनः), I suppose ! "

Charudatta (चारुदत्त) now goes himself, and being struck by the appearance of the man in the car, asks who he is, *Âryaka* (आर्यक) tells him all about it and craves for his protection *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) assures him at once of his protection as of his friendship and says —

विधिनैवोपनीतस्त्वं चक्षुर्विषयमागतः ।
अपि प्राणानहं जह्यां न तु त्वां शरणागतम् ॥

वर्धमानक ! चरणान्निगडमपनय.

" My life I may resign, but cannot turn
Away from one who sues to me for refuge
Varadhamana (वर्धमान), remove these fetters "

When *Vardhamana* (वर्धमान) has removed the fetters *Âryaka* (आर्यक) asks *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त) forgivenes for having, without his permission, got into his car, and then there is an exchange of courtesy and civility which is quite Indian. *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) however, insists on *Âryaka's* (आर्यक) keeping his seat in the car and he orders *Vardhamàna* (वर्धमान) to drive him beyond the limits as far as he will He then prepares to leave the garden when he sees a *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक) enter!

(The Flight of Âryaka [आर्यक]

VIII.

This Buddha mendicant is no other than our friend *Samvâhaka* (समृवाहक), who has now become a true saint *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक), and who has now come here

to wash his yellow robe in a tank in the garden We find him chanting the following verses which constitute the chief tenets of his faith —

"Be virtue, friends, your only store,
And restless appetite restrain,
Beat meditation's drum and sore
Your watch against each sense maintain,
The thief that still in ambush lies,
To make devotion's wealth his prize

"Caste the five senses all away,
That triumph over the virtuous will,
The pride of self-importance slay,
And ignorance remorseless kill,
So shall you safe the body guard,
And Heaven shall be your last reward

"Why shave the head and mow the chin
Whilst bristling follies choke the breast?
Apply the knife to parts within,
And heed not how deformed the rest
The heart of pride and passion weed,
And then the man is pure indeed!

Meanwhile *Samsthanaka* (सम्स्थानक), accompanied by *Vita* (विट), strolls that way and as soon as he sees the *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक), he drives him away with kicks and insults. He then walks about the garden and indulges in his characteristic punning and tomfooleries It is now nearly noon and yet there is no trace of *Sthavaraka* (स्थावरक), the coachman. At last, *Sthavaraka* (स्थावरक) arrives with

the car in which *Vasantasénâ* (वसन्तसेना) is *Samsthánaka* (समूस्थानक) goes to the carriage, and wants to get in but falls back as soon as he perceives, that there is somebody in it and whom he takes for a robber or a she-devil! *Vita* (विट), therefore, goes to see what the matter really is when *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) tells him how she came to be smuggled into that place by an interchange of carriages and she craves for his protection which he grants, of course. When *Samsthánaka* (समूस्थानक) comes to know, that *Vasanantasena* (वसन्तसेना) is there, he falls on his knees at once and declares his passion, but she spurns him with her foot This throws *Samsthanaka* (समूस्थानक) into such a fit of rage, that he is about to seize her by the hair and drag her out of the conveyance, when *Vita* (विट) interferes thus —

अग्राह्या मूर्धजेष्वेताः स्त्रियो गुणसमन्विताः ।
न लताः पल्लवच्छेदं अर्हन्त्युपवनोद्भवाः ॥

"Forbear, forbear, nor rudely thus invade
These graceful tresses. What destructive hand
Would roughly rend the creeper from the tree,
Or tear the blossom from the slender stem?

He then goes and hands down *Vasantasénâ* (वसन्तसेना) himself. *Samsthánaka* (समूस्थानक) is still in rage and entreats *Vita* (विट) to kill her, saying there was

nobody to know anything about it in that wilderness. At which *Vita* (विट) replies —

> " All nature the surrounding realms of space,
> The genii of these groves, the moon, the sun,
> The winds, the vault of heaven, the firmest earth,
> Hell's awful ruler, and the conscious soul—
> These all bear witness to the good or ill
> That men perform and these will see the deed."

He then asks *Sthâvaraka* (स्थावरक) also to do the same and offers him all sorts of inducements, but in vain *Sthàvaraka* (स्थावरक) refuses *point-blank* to do what ought not to be done and is consequently chased away. *Samsthânaka* (समूस्थानक) now gets rid also of *Vita* (विट) by a dodge, asking him how was it possible that one so highly born as he was should kill a helpless woman? Which naturally provokes the following retort —

> " Believe me, sir, it is of little import
> To boast of noble birth, unless accord
> The manners with the rank, ungrateful thorns
> Are most offensive in a goodly soil."

किंकुलेनोपदिष्टेन शीलमेवात्रकारणम् ।
भवन्ति सुतरां स्फीताः सुक्षेत्रे कण्टकिद्रुमाः ॥

When they are both away, *Samsthanaka* (समूस्थानक) makes love to her again, but her reply is just the same —

" . .. . . I spurn you,

Nor can you tempt me, abject wretch, with gold.

... ...

सहकारपादपं सेवित्वा न पलाशपादपं अङ्गीकरिष्यामि ?

Can I leave

The mango's stately stem to twine around
The low and worthless *dhak* ?"

This exasperates him so much that he throws her down and tries to choke her, while *Vasantasénà* (वसन्तसेना) keeps on crying —

हा मातः ! कुत्रासि ? हा आर्य चारुदत्त !
एषजनो ऽसम्पूर्णमनोरथ एव विपद्यते !
नम आर्य चारुदत्ताय !

"Oh! my dear mother! Oh, my loved *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त); Too short and imperfect are our loves

No more

But this: bless, bless my *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) ! "

स० अद्यापि गर्भदासी तस्यैव पापस्य
नाम गृह्णाति ? स्मर गर्भदासि ! स्मर,

वस० नम आर्य चारुदत्ताय !

Sam "Still do you repeat that name, once more, now

(seizing her by the throat) *Vasan* (In a struggling tone) Bless my *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त)."

When *Vita* (विट) comes back and learns what has taken place, he bursts out saying —

दाक्षिण्योदकवाहिनी विगलिता याता स्वदेशं रतिः
हाहालंकृतभूषणे ! सुवदने ! क्रीडारसोद्भासिनि !
हासौजन्यनदि ! प्रहासपुलिने ! हा मादृशामाश्रये !

"Alas! *Vasantasènâ* (वसन्तसेना)

The stream of tenderness is now dried up
And beauty flies us for her native sphere
Adorned with every grace, of lovely aspect
Radiant with playfulness, alas! poor wench,
River of gentle feeling, isle of mirth,
And friendly refuge for all such as I am"

Samsthànaka (समस्थानक) wants to appease and conciliate him by offering him dress, ornaments and distinction but he rejects them openly, declaring, that like a snapped and stringless bow, all friendship between them was now at an end, that he was glad to serve him so long as he was free from crime, and that there was danger as well as disgrace in associating with him any longer He then turns his back on *Samsthànaka* (समस्थानक) for ever, and joins *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक), *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक), and other friends and partizans of *Âryaka* (आर्यक)

(आर्यक). As to poor *Sshavaraka,* (स्थावरक), *Samsthânaka* (समस्थानक) gives him a *douceur* of costly ornaments and orders him back to the palace; but as soon as he arrives there himself, he locks him up aloft in a room to prevent his giving damnatory evidence There let him lay! He then covers his victim with a quantity of dry leaves and makes up his mind to accuse *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) of the murder he himself has just committed. He is about to leave the garden when he espies the Buddhist mendicant whom he so roughly handled before. In order to avoid such an inauspicious sight, he jumps over a broken wall and escapes. *Samvàhaka* (समवाहक) the Buddhist monk, puts his robe in the sun over the pile of dry leaves, when lo! a soft fair hand stretches from beneath which he has no difficulty in recognising as that of his benefactress *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना). Mutual greetings and reciprocal gratitude! *Samvàhaka* (समवाहक) then escorts *Vasantasenâ* (वसन्तसेना) whom he calls a follower of Buddha, to a *Vihara* (विहार), or Buddhist convent close by, where dwells a holy sister, who will take care of her and nurse her. Let us leave her there for a while to take some rest after all the sufferings she has undergone

(The strangling of Vasntasenâ)

(वसन्तसेना).

IX.

The floor is swept, the seats are placed in order, and the Hall of Justice is ready for the reception of the Judge and his joint-assessors As the Judge enters the Hall, he delivers himself of various reflexions about the intricacies of his office which he winds up with the following sketch of what a judge ought to be —

शास्त्रज्ञः कपटानुसारकुशलो वक्ता न चक्रोधन-
स्तुल्यो मित्रपरस्वकेषु चरितं दृष्ट्वैव दत्तोत्तरः ।
क्लीबान्पालयिता शठान्व्यथयिता धर्म्योनलोभान्वितो-
द्वार्भावे परतत्त्वबद्धहृदयो राज्ञश्च कोपापहः ॥

"A judge should be learned, sagacions, eloquent, dispassionate, impartial, he should pronounce judgment only after due deliberation and inquiry ; he should be a guardian to the weak, a terror to the wicked, his heart should covet nothing, his mind be intent on nothing but equity and truth, and he should keep aloof the anger of the king"

Samsthanaka (समस्थानक) dressed in his best, enters the Court and lays a plaint against *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) for having murdered *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) in the garden of *Pushpakaranduka* (पुष्पकरण्डक), for the sake of her ornaments The judge sends for *Vasantasena's* (वसन्तसेना) mother who, after some hesitation, admits that her daughter went last night to *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त)

house. *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) is also sent for, and the first thought that strikes him when he receives the summons is, that they must have got a clue to the hand he had in expediting *Âryaka* (आर्यक) beyond the limits. Evil omens of all kinds stare him in the face as he starts, and when he reaches the Court, the impression it produces on his sensitive mind is given in the following lines —

चिन्तासक्तनिमग्नमन्त्रिसलिलं, दूतोर्मिशङ्खाकुलम्,
पर्यन्तस्थितचारुनक्रमकरं, नागाश्वहिंस्राश्रयम् ।
नानावाशककङ्कपक्षिरुचिरं, कायस्थसर्पास्पदम्,
नीतिक्षुण्णतटं च राजकरणं हिंस्रैः समुद्रायते ॥

"The Court looks like a sea, its councillors
Are deep engulfed in thought, its tossing waves
Are wrangling advocates, its brood of monsters
Are these wild animals—death's ministers,
Attorneys skim, like wily snakes, the surface,
Spies are the shell-fish cowering 'midst its weeds

And vile informers, like the hovering curlew
Hang fluttering o'er thence pounce upon their prey
The beach, that should be justice, is unsafe,
Rough, rude and broken by oppression's storms"

A graphic but not a very flattering picture! The impression, however, which *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) himself produces on the Court and especially on the Judge is very favourable. Says the Judge --

घोणोन्नतं मुखमपाङ्गविशालनेत्रम्
नैतद्धि भाजनमकारणदूषणानाम् ।
नागेषु गोषु तुरगेषु तथा नरेषु
नह्याकृतिः स्वसदृशं विजहाति वृत्तम् ॥

"Observe him, that face and form never give shelter to causeless crime *Appearance is a test of character, and not only in man but in elephants, horses and kine, the disposition never deviates from the perfect shape.*"

He is courteously asked, if he has any *liaison* with a young courtesan called *Vasantasénà* (वसन्तसेना). After some delicacy natural to a subject of this kind, he admits that he has Being asked about her whereabouts, he replies, that she was at his place last evening, but he does not know where she may be for the *nonce*, nor how she left his house on foot or in a carriage. At this stage of the proceedings *Viraka* (वीरक) one of the Captains of the Watch, the rival of *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) enters the Court and deposes, having that morning stopped a car on the road, belonging to *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) and *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) to the garden, *Pushpakarandaka* (पुष्पकरण्डक), which further implicates *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त) case. *Viraka* (वीरक), is asked to go to the garden and find out if the body of a murdered female was lying about there. He goes and returns, and deposes having just ascertained, that the body of a murdered woman has been carried off

by the beasts of prey ! The Judge asks *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) for an explanation, but he declines to say anything particular in answer to such malicious and foul calumnies and only adds —

योऽहं लतां कुसुमितामपि पुष्पहेतो-
राकृष्य नैव कुसुमापचयं करोमि ।
सोऽहं कथं भ्रमरपक्षरुचौ सुदीर्घे
केशे प्रगृह्य रुदतीं प्रमदां निहन्मि ॥

" For me—you know me—would I pluck a flower,
I draw the tender creeper gently to me,
Nor rudely rob it of its clustering beauty
How think you then ? Could I, with violent hands,
Tear from their lovely seat those jetty locks
More glossy than the black bees' wing, or how
So wrog my nature and betray my love,
As with remorseless heart to blast in death
The weeping charms that vainly sued for mercy ? "

This is no defence, no explanation, and so the Judges order that *Charudatta's* (चारुदत्त) seat be removed *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) now sits on the ground, and bewails his dire fate He wonders what has become of *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) whom he has sent to *Vasantasena's* (वसन्तसेना) house to return those jewels which that lady had lavished on *Chârudatta's* (चारुदत्त) son to buy a toy-cart of gold. Right enough, *Maitreya* (मैत्रेय) was on his way to *Vasantasena*

(वसन्तसेना), but meeting *Rebhila* (रेभिल)and learning what in the meanwhile had transpired with regard to his friend *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त), off he goes to the Court and appears in the Judgment Hall He has the jewels safely hidden in his girdle He at once falls to abusing the king's brother-in law, and threatens to belabour him with a staff as knotty and crooked as that scoundrel's heart A scuffle ensues in which the jewels tumble down out of the folds of his girdle This makes *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त) case worse than ever, and the Judges hang down their heads Crossexamined, both *Chàrudatta*(चारुदत्त) and *Vasantasena's* (वसन्तसेना) mother admit that the jewels belong to *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना). The Judges ask him again to clear himself, but *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) driven by despair, and in the bitterness of agony for having lost *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) for ever, exclaims "Yes, let that man proclaim, if he will, that I am a wretch who ignores this world as well as the next, and that I have put an end to the loveliest of all women!"

मया खलु नृशंसेन परलोकमजानता ।
स्त्रीरतिर्वा विशेषेण शेषमेषो ऽभिधास्यति ॥

The chain of circumstantial evidence against *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) now seems complete, and the Judges find him guilty. But the matter is referred to the king *Palaka* (पालक) who orders *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त) to be im-

paled at the southern cemetery. As *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) is being led by the officers, he makes the following reflexions —

ईदृशे व्यवहाराग्नौ मन्त्रिभिः परिपालिताः ।
स्थाने खलु महीपाला गच्छन्ति कृपणां दशाम् ॥
ईदृशैः श्वेतकाकीयै राज्ञ शासनदूपकैः ।
अपापानां सहस्राणि हन्यन्ते च हतानि च ॥

" It is thus that evil councillors impel
The heedless prince into the scorching flames
Of fierce iniquity, and foul disgrace ,
And countless victims perish by the guilt
Of treacherous ministers who thus involve
Both prince and people in promiscuous ruin.

(The Court of Justice)

X.

As *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) is being led to the place of execution by the *Chandâlas* (चण्डाला.), all Ujjayini turns out to have a look at him. Young and old, rich and poor, men and women of all classes and conditions alike mourn for the good and innocent man, overtaken by Fate. *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त)—

एता. पुनर्हर्म्यगतास्त्रियो मा वातायनार्धेन विनि.सृतास्या ।
हा चारुदत्तेत्यभिभाषमाणा बाष्प प्रणाली भिरिवोत्सृजन्ति ॥

" From every window lovely faces shed
The kindly drops and bathe me with their tears

When one of the *Chandàla's* (चण्डाला:) bawls out the sentence, proclaiming him to be a murderer, and dooming him to an infamons death, *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त) puts his hands into his ears and cries out in anguish —

शशिविमलमयूखशुभ्रदन्ति !
सुरुचिरविद्रुमसन्निभाधरौष्ठि ।
तव वदनभवामृत विषयि !
कथमवशो ह्ययशो विष पिबामि ॥

" Dreadful remorse—to hear such wretches herald
My death, and blacken thus with lies my fame ,
And shall I,

Alas ! *Vasantasená* (वसन्तसेना), who have drunk
Thy nectared tones from lips whose ruby glow
Disgraced the coral, and displayed the charms
Of teeth more pearly than the moon's chaste light,
Profane my ears with such envenomed draughts
Of infamy whilst my soul is free ? "

At this stage, *Rohasená* (रोहसेना), led by *Maitreya* मैत्रेय) meets him and a touching scene ensues. When

the afflicted boy harshly demands from the *Chàndalas* (चाण्डाला:) whither they were leading his father, one of them pertinently replies —

न खलुवयं चाण्डालाश्चाण्डालकुले जातपूर्वा अपि ।
येभिभवन्ति साधु ते पापास्ते च चाण्डालाः ॥

"Hark ye, my boy they who are born *Chandàlas* (चाण्डाला:) are not the only ones, *they who oppress the virtuous are Chándalas* (चाण्डाला:) *too*!".

Rohasena (रोहसेन) entreats the two *Chandalas* (चाण्डाला:) to take and kill him rather than his father who takes him into his arms and says —

इद तत्स्नेहसर्वस्व सममाढयदारिद्र्योः ।
अचन्दनमनौशीर हृदयस्यानुलेपनम् ॥

"This is the truest wealth, love equal smiles
On poor and rich, the bosom's precious balm
Is not the fragrant herb, nor costly unguent
But Nature's breath—affection's holy perfume"

Here the sentence is again proclaimed which again extorts from its victim the following confession —

प्राप्तोऽहं व्यसनकृता दशामनार्याम्
यत्रेदं फलमपि जीवितावसानम् ।

एषा च व्यथयति घोषणा मनो मे
श्रोतव्य यदिदमसौ त्वया हतेति ॥

This is the heaviest pang of all, to think
Such bitter fruit attending my closing life

And oh! what anguish, love, to hear the calumny
Thus noised abroad, that thou wast slain by me"

From a high balcony in the palace where he has been kept *in durance vile* by *Samsthanaka*, (समृस्थानक) *Sthavaraka* (स्थावरक) hears the proclamation, condemning *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), to an ignominious death He bawls out, but nobody in the crowd hears him So he springs from the high balcony, though at the imminent risk of his life, and lets the whole cat out of the bag. *Samsthanaka* (समृस्थानक) seeing the turn things have taken so suddenly tries to wheedle his *quondam* coachman and slave to silence by a pair of golden bracelets, but finding that *Sthàvaraka* (स्थावरक) would by no means give in, turns against him and calls him a thief and a scoundrel whom he had had locked up for having stolen those golden bracelets Thus even *Sthàvaraka's* (स्थावरक) evidence does not mend matters much in *Chàrudatta's*(चारुदत्त) favour *Samsthanaka* (समृस्थानक) now hurries the executiners on, and they hit *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), at which *Chárudatta* (चारुदत्त) says —

प्राप्यैतद्व्यसनमहार्णवप्रपातम्
न त्रासो न च मनसोऽस्ति मे विषादः ।
एकोमां दहति जनापवादवन्हि-
र्वक्तव्यं यदिह मया हता प्रियेति ॥

"I fear not blows, in sorrow plunged,
Think you such lesser ills can shake my bosom?
Alone I feel the flame of men's reports,
The foul assertion that I slew my love

The executioners now toss up to find out whose turn for killing it would be They ask his forgiveness for having to do their duty They ask him, if he has anything to say, and he replies —

प्रभवति यदि धर्मो दूषितस्यापि मेऽद्य
प्रबलपुरुषवाक्यैर्भाग्यदोषात्कथंचित् ।
सुरपतिभवनस्था यत्र तत्र स्थिता वा
व्यपनयतु कलङ्क स्वस्व भावेनसैव ॥

"If virtue yet prevail, may she who dwells
Amongst the blessed above, or breathes on earth,
Clear my fair fame from the disastrous spots
Unfriendly fate and man's accusing tongue have fixed upon me."

They are now close to the southern cemetery, and *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) sickens at the very sight of it. It

is the eleventh hour Every thing is now ready for the ghastly spectacle, the horrid *denouement* The executioner even raises his sword and strikes him, but it drops as a thunderbolt on the ground Meanwhile, *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना) panting and woebegone, and led by the Buddhist mendicant suddenly appears on the scene and clears all doubts and solves all difficulties *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) says —

वसन्तसेना किमिय द्वितीया समागता सैव दिवः किमित्थम् ।
भ्रान्त मनः पश्यति वा ममैना, वसन्तसेना न मृताथसैव ॥

कि नु स्वर्गात्पुन प्राप्ता मम जीवातुकाम्यया ।
तस्या रूपानुरूपेण किमुतान्येयमागता ॥

" *Vasantasenà* (वसन्तसेना)—

Can this be she ? or has another form like hers
From heaven descended to my succour ?
Speeds she from spheres divine, in earthly charms
Arrayed again, to save the life she loved,
Or comes some goddess in her beauteous likeness ?"

Charudatta (चारुदत्त) recognises in the *Śramanaka* (श्रमणक) his old servent *Samvahaka* (सम्वाहक). At this stage *Sarvilaka* (शर्विलक) arrives to announce that *Âryaka* (आर्यक), having killed *Palaka* (पालक),

has ascended the throne, has appointed *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) the governor of *Kusavati* (कुशावती) on the river *Vena* (वेणा), and asked him to take *Vasantasêna* (वसन्तसेना) unto his wife *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक) :—

दिष्ट्या भो ! व्यसनमहार्णवादपारा-
दुत्तीर्णे गुणधृतया सुशीलवत्या ।
नावेव प्रियतमया चिरान्निरीक्षे
ज्योत्स्नाढ्यं शशिनमिवोपरागमुक्तम् ॥

' Long has this noble Brahmin
Mourned his sullied brightness like the moon
That labours in eclipse, but now he bounds
Again to honour and to happiness,
Borne safely o'er a boundless sea of troubles
By firm affection's bark and favouring fate "

Samsthanaka (समुस्थानक) is dragged before him and left to his mercy The mob would rend him to pieces and cast his carrion to the dogs The wretch in utter agony and despair, throws himself at *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त) feet, and implores his mercy *Chàrudatta* (चारुदत्त) grants it, of course When *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक) wonders at his conduct, *Chârudatta* (चारुदत्त) replies ,—

शत्रु: कृतापराध: शरणमुपेत्य पादयो: पतित: शस्त्रेण नहन्तव्य: , (नहि) उपकारहतस्तु कर्तव्य: तन्मुच्यताम् .

"An hunble foe, *who prostrate at your feet*
Solicits quarter, must not feel your sword.
His punishment be mercy
Loose him and let him go !"

Misfortunes never come alone News arrives that *Chàrudatta's* (चारुदत्त) wife has prepared herself a funeral pile and is about to burn herself *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) arrives just in time to prevent the catastrophe *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त) :—

हा प्रेयसि प्रेयसि विद्यमाने कोयं कठोरो व्यवसाय आसीत् ।
अम्भोजिनी लोचनमुद्रण कि भानावनस्तंगमिते करोति ॥

"My dearest love, what frenzy drove thy mind
Te seek destruction whilst thy lord survived ?
Whilst yet the sun rides bright along the sky
The lotus closes not its amorous leaves

Restored to her lord, *Chárudatta's* (चारुदत्त) wife now welcomes *Vasantasena* (वसन्तसेना) as her dear sister and embraces her *Samvahaka* (सम्वाहक) is made the chief of all *Viharas* (विहार) in India, *Sthávaraka* (स्थावरक) is manumitted, while *Chandanaka* (चन्दनक) gets the

place which *Samsthanaka* (समूस्थानक) once held as the head of the Police Every body has now got what he or she deserves *Sarvilaka* (शार्विलक) asks, if there be anything else that he might desire? To which *Charudatta* (चारुदत्त), replies —

लब्धा चारित्रशुद्धिश्चरणनिपतितः शत्रुरप्येषमुक्तः ।
प्रोत्खातारातिमूलः प्रियसुहृदचला मार्यकःशास्ति राजा ॥
प्राप्ता भूयः प्रियेयं, प्रियसुहृदिभवान्सङ्गतो मे वयस्यो ।
लभ्यं किं चातिरिक्तं यदपरमधुना प्रार्थयेऽहं भवन्तम् ॥
काश्चित्तुच्छयति प्रपूरयति वा, कांश्चिन्नयत्युन्नतिम् ।
कांश्चित्पातविधौ करोति च पुनः कांश्चिन्नयत्याकुलान् ॥
अन्योन्य प्रतिपक्षसहतिमिमां लोकस्थिति बोधय ।
न्नेषक्रीडति कूपयन्त्रघटिकान्यायप्रसक्तो विधिः ॥

"Since *Âryaka* enjoys the sovereign sway,
And holds me as his friend, since all my foes
Are now destroyed, save one poor wretch released,
To learn repentance for his former faults,
Since my fair fame is again clear, and this
Dear girl, my wife, and all I cherish most
Are mine once more, I have no further suit
That asks for your indulgence, and no wish
That is not gratified Fate views the world
A scene of mutual and perpetual struggle,

And sports with life as if it were the wheel
That draws the limpid waters from the well.
For, some are raised to affluence, some depressed
In want, and some are borne awhile aloft
And some hurled down to wretchedness and woe

MRICCHAKATIKA.

(मृच्छकटिका).

OR

THE TOY-CART.

III



(Selections)

POVERTY.

(a) शून्यमपुत्रस्य गृहं ; चिरशून्यं नास्ति यस्य सन्मित्रम्
मूर्खस्य दिशः शून्याः सर्वं शून्यं दारिद्रस्य.

Empty is the house of the childless, empty is the heart of one who has no friends , the universe is a blank to the block-head, and all is desolate to the poor —Act I.

(b) सत्यं न मे विभवनाशकृतास्ति चिन्ता
भाग्यक्रमेण हि धनानि भवन्ति यान्ति ।
एतत्तु मा दहति नष्टधनाश्रयस्य
यत्सौहृदादपि जनाः शिथिलीभवन्ति ॥

' Tis true—I think not of my wasted fortune.
As fate decrees, so riches come and vanish
But I lament to find the love of friends
Hangs all unstrung because a man is poor

दारिद्र्याद्धियमेति तत्परिगत. प्रभ्रश्यते तेजसो
निस्तेजाः परिभूयते परिभवान् निर्वेदमापद्यते ।
निर्विण्णः शुचमेति शोकनिहतो बुध्या परित्यज्यते
निर्बुद्धिः क्षयमेत्यहो निधनता सर्वापदामास्पदम् ॥

And then with poverty comes disrespect,
From disrespect does self-dependence fail,
Then scorn and sorrow following overwhelm
The intellect, and when the judgment fails,
The being perishes, and thus from poverty
Each ill that pains humanity proceeds —Act, I

(*c*) वयस्य! दारिद्र्यं हि पुरुषस्य ।

निवासश्चिन्तायाः परपरिभवो वैरमपरम्
जुगुप्सा मित्राणां स्वजनजनविद्वेषकरणम् ।
वनं गन्तुं बुद्धिर्भवति च कलत्रात्परिभवो
हृदिस्थ. शोकाग्निर्न च दहति सन्तापयति च ॥

But poverty is aye the curse of thought
It is our enemy's reproach, the theme
Of scorn to our best friends and dearest kin
I had abjured the world and sought the hermitage,
But that my wife had shared in my distress -Act, I

(*d*) दारिद्र्यात्पुरुषस्य बान्धवजनो वाक्येनसंतिष्ठते
सुस्निग्धा विमुखीभवन्ति सुहृद· स्फारीभवन्त्यापदः ।
सत्त्वं ह्रासमुपैति शीलशशिनः कान्तिः परिम्लायते
पाप कर्म च यत्परैरपि कृतं तत्तस्यसंभाव्यते ॥

सङ्ग नैव हि कश्चिदस्य कुरुते सभाव्यते नादरा-
त्संप्राप्ते गृहमुत्सवेषु धनिनां सावज्ञमालोक्यते ।
दूरादेव महाजनस्य विहरत्यल्पछदो लज्जया
मन्ये निर्धनता प्रकाममपरं षष्ठ महापातकम् ॥

(*d*) Alas ! it does embitter poverty
That then our friends grow deaf to our sorrows.
And lend a keener anguish to our sorrows
The poor man's truth is sorned the tender light
Of each mild virtue languishes , suspicion
Stamps him the perpetrator of each crime
That others are the authors of , no man seeks
To form acquaintance with him, nor exchange
Familiar greeting or respectful courtesy
If ever he finds a place in rich men's dwellings
At solemn festivals, the wealthier guests
Survey him with disdainful wonder, and
Whene'er by chance he meets upon the road
With state and wealth, he sneaks into a corner
Ashamed of his scant covering, till they pass,
Rejoicing to be overlooked Believe me
He who incurs the guilt of poverty
Adds a sixth to those we term most heinous.-Act, I

(*e*) धनैर्वियुक्तस्य नरस्य लोके किञ्जीवितेनादित एव तावत् ।
यस्य प्रतीकारनिरर्थकत्वात्कोपप्रसादा विफला भवन्ति ॥

पक्षविकलश्च पक्षी शुष्कश्च तरुः सरश्च जलहीनम् ।
सर्पश्चोध्दतदंष्ट्रस्तुल्यं लोके दारिद्रश्च ॥

How can that man be said to live, who lives
A pauper, and whose gratitude and wrath
Are barren both ? The bird whose wings are clipped,
The leafless tree, the desiccated pool,
The desolate and the toothless snake,—
Are all meet emblems of the hapless wretch
Whose festive hours no fond associates grace
And brightest moments yield no fruit to others —
Act, V.

WOMAN

(*a*) आलाने गृह्यते हस्ती, वाजी वल्गासु गृह्यते ।
हृदये गृह्यते नारी यदीद नास्ति–गम्यताम् ॥

An elephant may be held by a chain
A steed be curbed by his rider's art,
But even go hang, if you cannot gain
The only bond woman obeys—her heart —Act, I.

(*b*) अपण्डितास्ते पुरुषा मता मे ये स्त्रीषु च श्रीषु च विश्वसन्ति ।
श्रियोहि कुर्वन्ति तथैवनार्यो भुजङ्गकन्या परिसर्पणानि ॥
स्त्रीषु नरागः कार्यो रक्त पुरुषं स्त्रियः परिभवन्ति ।
रक्तैव हि रन्तव्या विरक्तभावा तु हातव्या ॥

Ah ! what a fool is man, to place his trust
In woman or in fortune, fickle both
As serpent nymphs ! Be woman's love unwooed
For humble love she pays with scorn. Let her
First proffer tenderness, and whilst it lasts
Be kind, but leave her as fondness cools —Act, IV.

(*c*) समुद्रवीचीव चलस्वभावाः सन्ध्याभ्रलेखेव मुहूर्तरागाः ।
स्त्रियोहृतार्थाः पुरुष निरर्थं निष्पीडितालक्तकवत्त्यजन्ति ॥

The ocean waves
Are less unsteady and the varying tints
Of eve less fleeting than a woman's fondness
Wealth is her aim , as soon as man is drained
Of all his goods, like a squeezed colour bag
She casts him off —Act, IV

(*d*) अन्यं मनुष्यं हृदयेन कृत्वा अन्यं ततो दृष्टिभिराह्वयन्ति ।
अन्यं प्रमुञ्चन्ति मदप्रसेकमन्य शरीरेण च कामयन्ते ॥

(*d*) Nay, she can look devotion
To one man whilst another rules her heart,
And even whilst she holds in fond embrace
One lover, for his rival breathes her sighs

(*e*) स्त्रियोहि नाम खल्वेताः निसर्गादेवपण्डिताः ।
पुरुषाणा तु पाण्डित्यं शास्त्रैरेवोपदिश्यते ॥

(*e*) Nature is woman's teacher and she learns
More sense than man, the pedant, gleans from books
Act, IV.

DEMI—MONDE

(*a*) तरुणजनसहायश्चिन्त्यतां वेशवासो,
विगणय गणिकात्वं मार्गजातालतेव ।

वहसि हि धनहार्यं पण्यभूतं शरीरं
समुपचर भद्रे सुप्रियञ्चाप्रियञ्च ॥
वाप्या स्नातिविचक्षणो द्विजवरो मूर्खोपि वर्णाधमः ।
फुल्ला नाम्यति वायसोऽपिहि लता या नामिता बर्हिणा ॥
ब्रह्मक्षत्र विशस्तरन्तिच यया नावा तथैवे परे ।
त्व वापीव लतेव नौरिवजनं वेश्यासि सर्वं भज ॥

The dwelling of a harlot is the free resort of youth A courtesan is a creeper that grows by the road-side—her person is an article for sale, her love a thing that money will buy, and her welcome is equally bestowed upon the amiable and the disgusting The sage and the idiot, the Brahmin and the out caste all bathe in the same stream and the crow and the peacock perch upon the branches of the same creeper The Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaisya and all of every caste are ferried over the same boat , and like the boat, the creeper and the stream, the courtesan is eqnally accessible to all —

Act, I

एता हसन्तिच रुदन्तिच वित्तहेतोः,
विश्वासयन्ति पुरुष न तु विश्वसन्ति ।
तस्मान्नरेण कुलशील—समन्वितेन
वेश्याः श्मशान—सुमना इव वर्जनीयाः ॥

'Tis wisely said, for money woman weeps
And smiles at will, and of his confidence,
The man she trusts not, craftily beguiles
Let then the youth of merit and of brith

Beware the wanton's charms, that baleful blow
Like flowers on charnel-ground —Act, IV

(c) न पर्वताग्रे नलिनीप्ररोहति न गर्दभा वाजि धुरवहन्ति !
यवाः प्रकीर्णा न भवन्ति शालयो न वेशजाताः शुचयस्तथाङ्गना :॥

The lotus blooms not on the mountain's brow,
Nor bears the mule the burden of the horse,
The grain of barley buds not into rice,
Nor dwells one virtue in the breastof woman-Act,IV

GAMBLING

द्यूतं हि नाम पुरुषस्य असिंहासन राज्यम् ।
न गणयति पराभवं कुतश्चित्
हरति ददाति च नित्यमर्थजातम् ।
नृपतिरिव निकाममायदर्शी
विभवता समुपास्यते जनेन ॥
द्रव्यं लब्धं द्यूतेनैव दारामित्र द्यूतेनैव ।
दत्त भुक्त द्यूतेनैव सर्व नष्ट द्यूतेनैव ॥

Gambling is to the gamester an empire without a throne, he never anticipates defeats but levies tribute from all and liberally disburses what he obtains, he enjoys the revenue of a prince, and counts the opulent among his servants. Money, wife, friends,—all are won at the gaming—table and all is gaind and all lost at play —Act, II

A MAIDEN'S LONGING

(a) गर्ज वा वर्ष वा शक्र ! मुञ्च वा शतशो ऽशनिम् ।
न शक्या हि स्त्रियो रोद्धुं प्रस्थिता दयितं प्रति ॥

(*b*) यदि गर्जति वारिधरो गर्जतु तन्नाम निष्ठुराः पुरुषाः ।
अयि ! विद्युत् ! प्रमदानां त्वमपि च दुःख न जानासि ॥

(*a*) Or rage on, Indra, still pour thy deluge
And launch thy hundred shafted bolt in vain
Thou canst not stop the faithful maid that flies
To lose her terrors in a lover's arms.

(*b*) If the clouds roar—e'en be it so, it is
Their nature—all of men is ever savage.
But gentle lightening, how canst thou not know
The cares that agitate the female bosom ?-Act, V

LOVER'S MEETING.

सदा प्रदोषो मम याति जाग्रतः
सदा च मे निश्श्वसतो गता निशा ।
त्वया समेतस्य विशाललोचने
ममाद्य शोकान्तकरः प्रदोषकः ॥

तस्वागतं भवत्यै ! इदमासनम् अत्रोपविश्यताम्.

Lady, believe me, every day has passed
Most heavily, and sleepless dragged my nights,
But now your charms appear, my cares are over,
And this glad evening terminates my sorrow
Then welcome to my bower--be seated.—Act, V.

IN THE GARDEN.

(*a*) वणिज इव भान्ति तरवः पण्यानीव स्थितानि कुसुमानि ।
शुल्कमिव साधयन्ती मधुकरपुरुषाः प्रविचरन्ति ॥

Tis true, like wealthy merchants are the trees,
Who spread in clustering flowers the choicest wares;
Amongst them busily the bees are straying
To gather tribute for the royal hive —Act, VII.

(b) पश्योद्यानस्य शोभनम् ।

अमी हि वृक्षाः फलपुष्पशोभिताः कठोरनिष्पन्दलतोपवेष्टिताः ।
नृपाज्ञया रक्षिजनेन पालिताः नराः सदारा इव यान्ति निर्वृतिम् ॥

Look round the garden, mark these stately trees,
Which duly, by the king's command attended,
Put forth abundantly their fruits and flowers,
And clasped by twining creepers they resemble
The manly husband and the tender wife -Act, VIII

NOON.

छायासु प्रतिमुक्तशष्पकबलं निद्रायते गोकुलम्
तृष्णार्तैश्च निपीयते वनमृगैः उष्णं पयः सारसम् ।
सन्तापादतिशङ्कितैर्न नगरी मार्गो नरैः सेव्यते
तप्ता भूमिमपास्य च प्रवहणं मन्ये क्वचित्संस्थितम् ॥

'Tis true the cattle dozing in the shade
Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths,
The lively ape with slow and languid pace
Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst
In its now tepid waters, not a creature
Is seen upon the public roads, nor braves
One solitary passenger the sun —Act, VIII

MUSIC OR SONG.

रक्तञ्च नाम मधुरञ्च समं स्फुट च भावान्वित च ललितं च मनोहरं च।
कि वाप्रशस्तवचनै र्बहुभिर्मदुक्तै रन्तर्हिता यदि भवेद्वनितेति मन्ये ॥

तन्तस्य स्वरसङ्क्रम मृदुगिर श्लिष्टञ्च तन्त्रीस्वनम्
वर्णानामपि मूर्छनान्तरगतं तार विरामे मृदुम् ।
हेलासंयमितं पुनश्च ललितं रागद्विरुच्चारितम्
यत्सत्यं विरतेऽपि गीतसमये गच्छामि शृण्वन्निव ॥

Smooth were the tones articulate and flowing,
With graceful modulation sweet and pleasing,
And fraught with warm and passionate expression.
So that I often thought the dulcet sounds
Some female, stationed covertly, must utter
Still echoes in my ears the soothing strain,
And as I pace along, methinks I hear
The languid cadence and melodious utterance.
The *Vina's* sweet notes, now gently undulating,
Now swelling high, now dying to a close—
Sporting awhile in desultory descant
And still recurring to the tasteful theme —Act, III.

THE MUSIC OF RAIN DROPS.

तालीषु तारं विटपेषु मन्द्रं शिलासु रूक्षं सलिलेषु चण्डम् ।
सङ्गीतवीणा इव ताडयमानास्तालानुसारेण पतन्ति धारा ॥

The drops

Fall musical, and pattering on the leaves
Of the tall palm, or on the pebbly ground,

Or in the brook, emit such harmony
As sweetly wakens from the voice and lute -Act, V.

NATURAL DISPOSITION

सस्यलम्पटबलीवर्दो न शक्यो वारयितुम् ।
अन्यकळत्रप्रसक्तो न शक्यो विचारयितुम् ॥
द्यूतप्रसक्तमनुष्यो न शक्यो वारयितुम् ।
योऽपि स्वाभाविकदोषो न शक्यो वारयितुम् ॥

There is no changing nature, nothing can keep an ox out of a field of corn, nor stop a man who covets another's wife There is no parting a gamester from the dice, and there is no remedy for an innate defect —Act, III

EXCELSIOR

(*a*) गुणेष्वेव हि कर्तव्यः प्रयत्नः पुरुषै सदा ।
गुणयुक्तो दरिद्रोऽपि नेश्वरैरगुणैः समः ॥

(*b*) गुणेपु यत्नः पुरुषेण कार्यो न किंचिदप्राप्यतम गुणानाम् ।
गुणप्रकर्षादुडुपेन शम्भोरलङ्घ्यमुल्लङ्घितमुत्तमाङ्गम् ॥

(*a*) Man should always strive after excellence A poor man endowed with virtues is far richer than the worthless rich.—Act, IV

A man should always aim at perfection, for, there is nothing unattainable by excellence. It is by uncommon excellence that the moon has acquired his supremely high place on the forehead of *Śiva* (शिव)—Act, IV.

TRUTH

सत्येन सुखं खलु लभ्यते सत्यालापी न भवति पातकी ।
सत्यमिति द्वे अप्यक्षरे मा सत्यमलीकेन गूहय ॥

Truth alone is internal satisfaction not to declare the truth is a crime, the truth is readily told, seek not to conceal it by a lie.—Act, IX

Finis



APPENDIX A.

BOMBAY BRANCH ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, Dr. P Peterson, President, in the chair. There were also present — Drs. J. Gerson Da Cunha, Atmaram Pandurang, and D. A. De Monte, Dewan Bahadur Manibhai Jessabhai, Professor H M Bhadkamkar, Messers. Tribhuvandas Mangaldas, S T. Bhandare, K R. Kama, R. P. Karkaria, Camrudin Amrudin, A. H. Nazar, Archibald Constable, Murarji Gokuldas Dewji, Dr Nishikant, and the Hon'ble Mr. Javerilal U Yajnik, Honorary Secretary

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed

Dr Nishikant then read a paper on Mricchhakatikà the Sanskrit drama by Sûdraka, of which the following is an abstract. (left out) . .

The Honorary Secretary made remarks on the paper and moved a vote of thanks to Dr Nishikanta for the interesting paper he had read.

The President with a few observations put the vote to the meeting, and it was carried by acclamation.

"The Times of India", 18th August, 1896

APPENDIX B

REVIEWS

THREE LECTURES REMINISCENCES OF GERMAN UNIVERSITY LIFE, THE TRUE THEOSOPHIST, and the MRICCHAKATIKÂ, or the TOY-CART By Dr Nishikânta Chàttopâdhyya, Ph D Bombay, 1895

THIS book contains Lectures delivered before different audiences at Hyderabad by Dr N K Chàttopadhya, one of the two Bengalis known by the same Brahmin name, who have settled in the Deccan. Many years ago, Dr Nishikanta studied at Leipzig, and, having entered with zest there into the spirit of the various phases of student life, he has been able to present a graphic account of the studies, the clubs, the associations, the athletics, the teaching Faculties, and the degree-giving of the German Universities, ending with a sketch of the story and of the inner meaning of Goethe's "Faust"

The second Lecture relates to Hindu philosophy In this Dr Nishikànta dwells with eloquence on the fundamental importance in all religious systems of the three great principles of Truth, Justice, and Charity, as compared with non-essential rules—such as those relating to food and drink, and ascetic modes of life He quotes from Buddha's discourse on the Training of the Law of Righteousness, where, after referring to the two extremes which a man "who has renounced the world should carefully avoid"—the one, of low self-gratification, the other, of self-torture—Buddha continues thus "There is, however, a middle way, O saints, which avoides both

the extremes—a way discovered by the *Tathagata*—which opens the eyes and clears the intellect, which gives consolation, and at the same time leads to higher wisdom, to perfect enlightenment, and to the Nirvana! What is this middle way, O saints, discovered by the *Tathagata*, and which avoids both the extremes? Verily, it is *The Noble Eight-fold Path* —

Right insight, Right endeavour,
Right speech, Right behaviour
Right living, Right striving,
Right caution, and Right mediation

This, O saints, is the middle way that avoids both the extremes, and leads to enlightenment and to the Nirvâna!"

The third Lecture has been divided into two It begins with some remarks on the Hindu drama, which as in most countries, seems to have originated in rites of worship In the carrying out of these, music and dancing, and representations were adopted to produce effect, and dialogues formed an important element in the sacred hymns, treatises and epic poems Among the early Buddhists the theatre was known, social intercourse existed, after the time of Alexander the Great's invasion of India, between the Hindus and the Greeks, and it is probable that the more definite dramatic compositions were the results As to the date of the well-known Mricchakatikà or Toy-Cart, there is much difference of opinion Prof H H Wilson placed it in the first century of our era, partly on the ground that Buddhism seemed to have been flourishing at the time when it was written The name Toy-Cart is derived from a slight incident at the begining of the sixth act, as to a little boy, son of the hero, who playing with a

cart made of clay, cries for one of gold, whereupon the heroine of the play throws to him her ornaments, and tells him to get a golden cart This drama, as Dr N K. Chattopadhya observes, is peculiarly illustrative of the habits and customs, and of the virtues and vices of the period which it represents It is "a mixture of the realistic and the romantic," and a sort of looking-glass for the age and society it depicts He gives a detailed analysis of the numerous varied characters—some very amusing—and of the plot, which, as usual in Hindu dramas, has a good ending. It contains many poetic passages, several of which are translated at the end of the book We add a remarkable description of a storm (not quoted by the Lecturer), as follows —

"The gathering gloom
Delights the pea-fowl and distracts the swan,
Not yet prepared for periodic flight
The purple cloud
Rolls stately on, girt by the golden lightning
As by a yellow garb, and bearing high
The long white line of storks
From the dark womb, in rapid fall descend
The silvery drops and, glittering in the gleam,
Shot from the lightning, bright and fitful sparkle,
Like a rich fringe rent from the robe of heaven
The firmament is filled with scattered clouds,
And, as they fly before the wind, their forms,
As in a picture, image various shapes,
In semblance of storks and soaring swans,
Of dolphins, and the monsters of the deep
Of dragons vast, and pinnacles and towers"

The Indian Magazine and Review, May 1896,

APPENDIX C.

"Three Lectures." Dr Nishikânt Chattopâdhyâya, amongst several other of his literary recreations which it is our misfortune not to have seen has produced a booklet containing three lectures A copy has been courteously sent to us with a kind request, that we should notice it in these columns, and to this task we apply ourselves with considerable diffidence "Reminiscences of German University Life" is written with a command of English rarely possessed by any but a Native of Great Britain and not by him, except he be a writer of some note, though honesty forces us to confess, that there are passages in his booklet in which a non-acquaintance with English idioms my be detected by a hypercritical eye. Student life in Germany, though surrounded by pleasant and tempting distractions demands, if it be meant as a serious undertaking, a severity of application and a system of assiduous study which, in our English Universities, is exceptional, hence we find, that an ordinary German student who has undergone his complete *curriculum*, is generally better grounded than one of our own graduates who has undergone a corresponding ordeal. Education though "made in Germany" is much to be desired when obtainable cheap and of good quality, and under German Professors it is both. Dr Chattopâdhyâya gives us some exceedingly agreeable glimpses of life amongst German Students and Professors, from Matriculation to graduation He describes his own successs with becoming pride of fidelity, and we gather from his sketch that, in Germany, a candidate for a Doctor's degree is spared at least one mortifying feature of his installation, that is inevitable in England, where he is interrogated—"*Quid-est creare?*"

"Ex nihil facere" is his humble reply. "Ergo te doctorem creamus" is his consoling, if not too flattering assurance In Germany, doctors of law and philosophy are not *created* but invested, without imputation on their self-esteem or their intrinsic entity Of Dr Chattopâdhyâya's other two essays on "The True Theosophist" and "The Mriccha-katikâ, our non-familiarity with Sanskrit literature will prevent our saying much They are written in a weird mystic spirit which does not inspire us It is obvious, they are well elaborated and display scholarship, but they are somewhat beyond us In Homer's pleasant epic, in the tragic muse of Sophocles, the quaint history of Herodotus, the abstruse speculations of Plato, the ingenious inventions of Archimedes, or the tangled geometrical acquirements of Euclid, we can find delight and instruction, as so many past generations have done before us, because we can transcribe their thoughts and familiarise ourselves with their history, but these dreamy mythologies of Dr Chattopâdhyâya elude our grasp, and we feel like benighted travellers trying to follow some *Will O' the Wisp* out of a morass. Our own short comings are, however, merely personal. We have before us a beautifully written trio of essays, in which depth and breadth of study, cultivation of intellect and expression, and variety and extent of reading, are conspicuously displayed, stimulated by strong natural ability and a talent for word-painting.

The "Bengal Times" (Dacca)
May 18th, 1898.